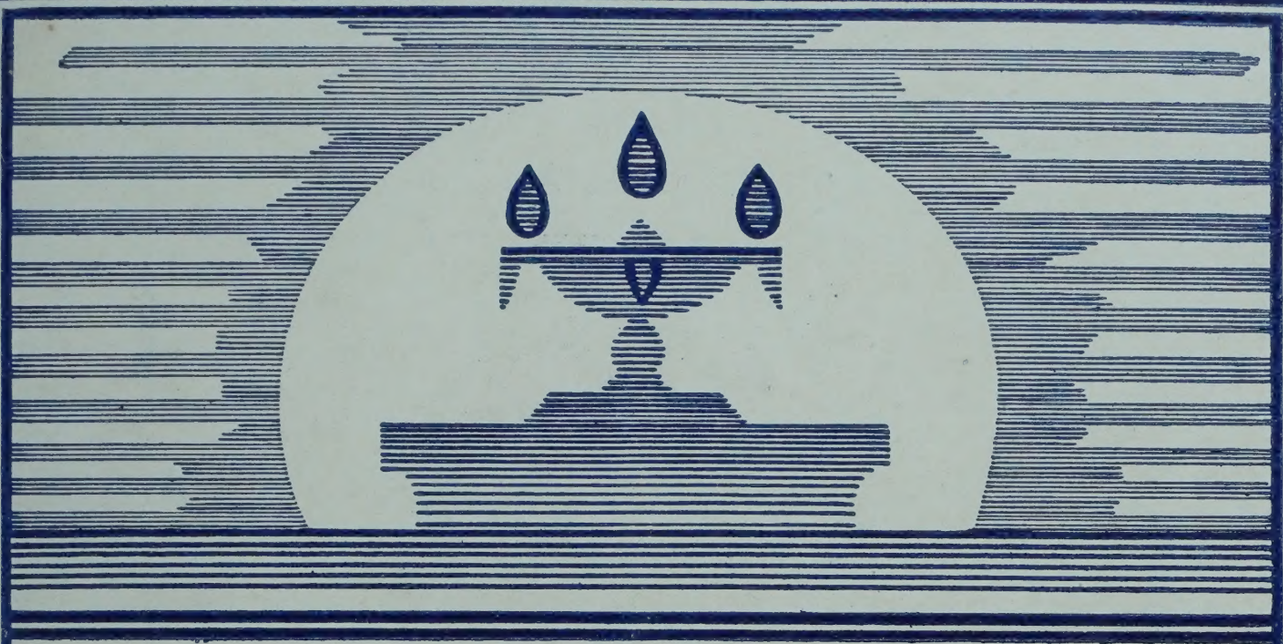

The ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXIV JUNE 1963 No. 6

THE WOES OF BIRTH

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH, April 1931.—ED.]

If thou would'st reap sweet peace and rest, Disciple, sow with the seeds of merit the fields of future harvests.

Accept the woes of birth.

—The Voice of the Silence

WITH striking simplicity the great Buddha advised: Cease from evil, follow the good — that is the Way.

In aesthetic grandeur Nataraja, the dancing Shiva, expresses the same message. His right foot is firmly planted on the dwarf-devil of mean passions and cunning lusts, his left is raised heavenward — this is the vision of perfect balance.

This simple truth, reiterated in a thousand forms, is accepted by everyone. Because of its ready acceptance there is a rush for some charm to kill the devil and at the same time to reach to God. If people waited to analyse the implications of the simple truth, they would not fall into the pit of complex living.

One of the major illusions of aspirants to a better and nobler life is the notion that if they could free their minds of evil, illumination would be theirs. Its counterpart glamours another large class, who fondly hope that if their minds could but perceive the eternal verities their passions would not matter. The truth is otherwise: minds coloured by feelings cannot see realities; purified passions alone cannot cause enlightenment; only those minds freed from desires but fecundated by universal ideas know and realize liberty in bondage, serenity in suffering, bliss in woe. There is no true liberty without the bondage of sacrifice, no true serenity without the suffering of compassion, no true bliss save in the woe of action.

The upward advance of the Soul is a series of progressive awakenings. The meaning of each awakening is most often missed. The foetus seeing the light of day does not understand the phenomenon and closes its eyes to the light. The suffering man similarly closes his mind to the lesson of his own experience. Is not this due to the foetus trying to perpetuate its own outgrown condition, and the sufferer attempting to go back to the state ere his troubles began? Memory plays a trick on us by bringing the message of the past which is dead, instead of that of the present which is alive.

Nature in us multiplies her peace and joy, but we view them with the dead eyes of a ghost and name them strife and suffering. We are blind to the process of progressive awakenings within ourselves. We see only Nature red in tooth and claw — her storms, her earthquakes, her blows that reduce to powder all our emotions and thoughts. We see only the stronger beast preying on the weaker bird. We speak only of the might of Nature who covers with her deserts of sand the wisdom of the dead sages. Children of mortality, we befriend material forces. We fashion ourselves in pain, learn to walk by falling, and drift through life brooding on the dead past which casts a shadow — a shadow which we mistake for our goal and call Death, the only sure future. Live as best you can while you may — be kind, gentle and merciful, be good and be true, for the hell-fires wait.

Nature without us as within us is young, is prolific, is bountiful — it ever begins. There are no ends, no nights, no deaths. We see, or should learn to see, a new beginning in every end. Each night but heralds the morn. Each death is but a new birth.

To cease from evil we must cease to dwell on the past. To follow the good we must follow the new man of the coming future. To mould the coming man is the only fit task in the present. The power to mould abides in the Eternal Now — the universal and the impersonal within ourselves.

To feel impersonally is to cease from evil. To think universally is to do good. The former crushes the egotism in us; the latter unfolds the conscious knowledge that all power abides in the Self.

To be impersonal we must practise asceticism which expands, not contracts. To become impersonal a mother should not kill her love for her own children but expand it to embrace all orphans, all children of humanity — that is the sure way of killing her selfishness.

To be universal we must practise ideation (this implies study and meditation) which focuses the universal in the individual. That idea-

tion must not be diffusive, for that but dissolves the individual into the universal. By the former we conquer Nature; by the latter Nature conquers us.

To be impersonal we must cease to act personally towards separate individuals; we must continue to act with the due recognition of *all* beings. To be universal we must cease to rest, but find repose in action performed with a detachment that produces no reaction. Thus human souls enter the community of Super-human Souls — Those who wear Robes of Law, of Purity, of Sacrifice.

The tears that water the parched soil of pain and sorrow bring forth the blossoms and the fruits of Karmic retribution. Out of the furnace of man's life and its black smoke, winged flames arise, flames purified, that soaring onward, 'neath the Karmic eye, weave in the end the fabric glorified of the Three Vestures of the Path.

ESCALATOR

As we glide up or down
Propelled by moving stairs
We pass to sunlight or to gloom,
Each with his joys and cares.

A subtle barrier divides
Our journeys to and fro,
Each is held captive by the thoughts
That others cannot know.

In life, we journey up or down
On moving stairs of fate,
We sink to subterranean glooms,
Then rise again, elate.

HERBERT BLUEN

THE CONCEPT OF DEITY

[**The Rev. Francis Angold, Ph.D., F.R.A.I.,** trained for the Church and then studied anthropology. He spent four years at a Gypsy Camp. As schoolmaster, University lecturer, and Tutor in Adult Education, he has had long contact with students of all nations. In addition he is a poet, a playwright, and a contributor to a large number of scholastic journals.

In this article he follows his special bent, a study of the philosophy of religion. The concept of Deity, he points out, differs with men. Man "endeavours to interpret the Infinite in terms which are intelligible to his own finite understanding." That in no way affects the validity of the universal insight that there is That which is the One without a second.—Ed.]

Theology, the queen of sciences, is an attempt on the part of man to interpret what he believes to be. An expanding comprehension of the world involved, inevitably, not only an increasing interest in a common source, but an ever extending effort to expound the growing comprehension. To man living in a limited world, or at least a restricted knowledge of his world, the source of his being need appear as only slightly greater than himself. Primitive man finds sufficient comfort in the recognition of a Being, which, while apparently of but small significance to us with greater knowledge of the world, is to him of paramount importance.

We are apt to think of ourselves as being different from the primitive, whereas, in actual fact, we merely represent the development achieved over the centuries. It follows in consequence of the diversity of outlook that the concept of Deity is largely one of human design. It must be understood that the essential human aspect of the matter in no way affects the validity of that which Is. If I am called upon to describe a certain person, I may, after having made the best use of my descriptive faculties, fail to offer a reliable picture of the person concerned. It is equally possible for me to deliberately distort the depiction of the person I am called upon to describe. Under such conditions the concept formed will either be incomplete or entirely false. Whatever the nature of the concept, the person is in no way affected; it is merely the interpretation that fails. Man, whatever his state of development may be, remains finite and will accordingly experience difficulty in seeking to interpret the Infinite.

The mark of progress is the application of labels. Everything must be classified and neatly pigeonholed for future reference. Progressive

man having departmentalized his existence, the Deity he chooses to recognize is of necessity but the sum of his efforts: that which is easily explained, and still more conveniently worshipped.

Modern times, or more accurately the times in which we are living, have made us familiar with all manner of aids to successful living. We may by these methods acquire the art of salesmanship, the ability of right thinking, the delights of effective speaking, and a host of other positive attainments, all of which in a word are designed to make the recipient more powerful. Power is a dangerous quality, because in the words of Hazlitt, whereas "The love of liberty is the love of others; the love of power is the love of ourselves."[1]

Power is a corrupting influence in society; it breeds animosity and generates aggressors. The fact that two world wars have been fought in the first half of the century is a fair measure of civilized man's achievement; his thirst for power. Primitive man was content to leave power in the hands of his Deity, and so satisfied was he with the result that for long missionaries and others making contact with him failed to appreciate his recognition of Deity and in consequence dubbed him irreligious.

Progressive man in his search for conquest, by adding to his own status, has tended to diminish the status of the Deity he chooses to worship. Man in attempting to dominate his fellows has usurped the place of God.

The Church, custodian of all that is spiritual, following the trend of the times, has obediently sought to depict God, the father of all men, not as the Essence of Love, but as the personification of power.

The Reformation, so-called, was but an attempt on the part of a disgruntled section to effect a transference of power. In England an egotistical monarch, taking advantage of a spiritual upheaval, sought to establish a political monopoly. Like all politicians since his time, he denied to his right hand the knowledge of what he sought to accomplish by means of his left hand. Like his successors in the political field, he was prepared, in order to obtain more power, to deny the faith, championship of which had earned for him the title "Defender of the Faith."

The Protestant cause, vainly believing that strength is synonymous with numbers, has been indefatigable in its efforts to extend its sway.

---

[1] W. HAZLITT: *Political Essays*, "On the Connection between Toad Eaters and Tyrants,"

Faced with the even greater threat of Communism, the former enemies of the Church make rather ridiculous overtures to the Papacy. State-appointed archbishops, moderators and egotistical prime ministers crave audience of His Holiness, all in the vain hope that they may present a united front to what they believe to be a common foe. The God enthroned by the Church is a God of power no less, and union lies along one path only; that of submission to the Papal Throne.

The religion which under its many and diverse guises passes for Christianity is no more than churchianity; it is as far removed from the teaching of Jesus, as is organized religion from the simple practices of primitive man. In spite of all the centuries of misrepresentation, there, within the shadow, standeth God, keeping watch over all His own.

Man can never alter that which Is. The presence of the counterfeit serves to emphasize the existence of the genuine. Behind all the pretences of the false, gleams all the glory of the real. If man is confronted with such a diversity of interpretation, it follows that he will of necessity conjure up all manner of self-conceived ideas as touching the rock whence he is hewn.

It may well be that in every congregation of the faithful there will be as many different concepts of Deity as there are people present. The theologian may expound the intricacies of sectarian and denominational belief. The ecumenical advocate will discover the minimum basis of agreement and wax enthusiastic accordingly. There are even those who care to see beyond the multiplicity of religious expression, and seek a formula for a common religion. Fewer still are they who seek beyond all the multifarious forms of expression to discover the common Source.

Ibsen in his spiritual and metaphysical drama, *The Master Builder*, brings out this concept of Deity. Hilda, in spite of all that has happened, refusing to accept the self-destruction of the Master Builder as important, recognizes only the fact of his achievement. The play closes with the cry of Hilda, "*My — my* Master Builder." To Hilda the Master Builder is God, and in this concept we observe a reflection of the dying and rising again of the God of the Sumerians. The Ibsenian drama presents a dying deity, but one who will continue to live in that which he has accomplished. It may well be that the immortality of Deity is no more than that which can be immortalized in brick and stone. Even if this be destroyed, the picture will remain imprinted upon the mind of the beholder; thus its creator will live for ever in the imagination of the devotee.

The Ibsenian concept is akin to that of the Chinese, who, while not

concerned with a future life, make every effort to ensure that they and their memory are preserved in their offspring. The cult of ancestor worship is designed to ensure that the memory of their forbears is never forgotten by their children. The parents live in the devotion of their descendants, and this perpetuation carries the mind back to an ultimate source of life and being.

We see therefore that Deity is that which exists: the power by whom all creation is nourished and sustained. The precise nature of Deity matters little, the manner of interpretation still less. The content of worship will inevitably be determined by the concept devised or accepted by different people living under different conditions and at different times.

In a mystery novel by a modern writer I read the following:

> He likened the cold moon to the good God, and the river to all the confused and chaotic dreams and strivings that had made the ambition which was his life, and it seemed somehow to comfort him strangely as he reflected that perhaps somewhere, in some heaven, He had been watching him and all that he had done with the same passionless and austere serenity.[2]

It may seem strange that even a French detective is moved by the natural surroundings in which he is called upon to conduct his investigations, to muse not only upon the existence, but likewise the nature of God.

The presence of the All-Seeing Eye carries us back to the ancient Egyptians who conducted all their dealings beneath its watchful care, a fact attested by its frequent use on the mummy cases of ancient Egypt. The same idea prevails in later times, and a glance at the Lindisfarne Gospels shows St. Matthew at work with a head peeping round the corner. The diligence of the writer is assured by the watchful eye of God.

It is not that man makes his god in his own likeness, but rather that he endeavours to interpret the Infinite in terms which are intelligible to his own finite understanding. In so doing man does not in any way diminish the greatness of that which Is, but reveals his own inalienable dependence upon that indescribable Source of all being and power.

The Source being such, it remains beyond the power of human definition or material interpretation. In the final analysis, the source of being is spiritual, and accordingly can be approached only through the

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[2] PIERRE AUDEMARS: *The Crown of Night.*

medium of spiritual understanding. The highest form of religion is that which seeks to lift man from his material surroundings, and transport him beyond the realms of time and space, to commune unfettered with the Eternal Mind.

A creed is a rod,
  And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
  To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit,
    and live out thy life as the light.[3]

FRANCIS ANGOLD

APPLE TREE

The apple tree that burgeons in the spring
is of Dame Life a golden offering:
its flowers are Beauty's charms;
the gladdened tree
a note in Nature's minstrelsy;
its branches girded for ripe fruit
link human welfare with its root
that laughs at wars and storms:
For death may ply his sting,
yet never can destroy
Creation's regnant joy—
glimpsed in that apple tree
decked charmingly in spring.

WILLIAM EWART WALKER

---

[3] SWINBURNE: *Hertha*.

MAYA

[**Mr. Arthur L. Herman, M.A.**, has taught philosophy, logic, and the humanities at the University of Florida, and was a Southern Fellow at Stanford University for one year. At present he is attached to the Department of Philosophy at Harvard under a Teacher Grant from the Danforth Foundation. His examination of the true meaning of *Māyā* leads to a conclusion in accordance with a sound interpretation of Śaṁkara.—Ed.]

This brief paper has but one objective: To give as concise a rendering of the notion of *māyā* as possible. The method of defining this concept will be twofold:

(1) To determine what the Hindu Scriptures themselves have to say on the subject of *māyā* and,

(2) To describe the attempts of the philosophers to define this concept, with special attention being given to Śaṁkara; for it is particularly in the *māyā* of Advaita Vedānta that we are interested.

It is hoped that more will emerge from this study than a mere etymological excursion into the nice usage of a rather important concept of Advaita. If anything can be learned at all from usage (either the Scripture's usage or the philosopher's usage) it will be a description of the concept performing a certain function, i.e., conveying a certain and concise meaning, and secondly, less directly, usage will imply other meanings which can be added to the more direct ones, thus giving greater latitude to a concept's connotation than an ordinary dictionary definition could do.

We will begin by examining the uses of the concept in Scripture,[1] and very briefly note the important characteristics of the concept presented there. But first some mention ought to be made of the need for such a doctrine as *māyā*. Why is it at all necessary? Could not Hindu thought in general and Advaita Vedānta in particular do without such a notion? We answer that those metaphysical systems which hold to the reality of one substance (monism), and yet maintain that this substance is not material (Materialism) and not mental (Idealism), but spiritual, must account somehow for the existence of the seemingly "real" world of appearance. Metaphysical absolutisms which are mature enough to admit of the world must give that world some status. In Plato (where a logical realism defines the Real) we find a doctrine of appearance of the phenomenal world; similarly in Plotinus and mediaeval

[1] By "Scripture" here and above, we mean the Upaniṣads and the *Bhagavad-Gītā*.

Christian philosophy; in Berkeley (where all the world is an idea in the Mind of God); and in the philosophy of Hegel: these philosophers have all been disposed towards a "phenomenal" explanation of the world in relation to the Real. This, then, is the ground for the appearance of *māyā* in the metaphysically absolute Indian system of Advaita Vedānta.

In the earlier Upaniṣads, the doctrine of *māyā* is not clearly defined. There is much controversy over whether it appears at all,[2] since the actual doctrine itself was not *clearly* defined until the philosophy of Śaṁkara made its appearance. However, although *māyā* and the concepts of *Brahma-pariṇāma-vāda* and *Brahma-vivarta-vāda* are, from a systematic point of view, later than the seventh and eighth centuries B.C., we can, none the less, find in the earlier Upaniṣads a reference to *māyā*, though in an implicit form. Thus, perhaps the oldest Upaniṣad, the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka*, states: "From where there is a duality, as it were, there one sees another."[3] Here the phrase "as it were" sounds significant, as if it pointed to "another" view of which the "duality" was a false rendering. In the context of the entire passage, with the famous "*neti, neti*" injunction following it, it certainly bears out the implication of there being a real beyond what one sees, smells, tastes, speaks to, hears, etc. The significant question is asked of these sensings, finally: "Whereby would one understand him by means of whom one understands this all?"[4] Deussen assumes that this is clear proof of the doctrine of *māyā* supporting the notion that the world is appearance[5] in this Upaniṣad. And again in the same *Bṛhadāraṇyaka*:

> There is on earth no diversity.
> He gets death after death,
> Who perceives here seeming diversity.
> As a unity only is It to be looked upon —
> This indemonstrable, enduring Being. (4.4.19-20)

Another equally ancient Upaniṣad carries the same thought:

> The seer sees not death
> Nor sickness, nor any distress.
> The seer sees only the All,
> Obtains the All entirely. (*Chāndogya*, 7.26.2)

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[2] *Cf.* HIRIYANNA: *Outlines of Indian Philosophy*, pp. 60-65.

[3] *Bṛ Up.*, 4.15.15. All Upaniṣadic quotations are from R. E. HUME: *The Thirteen Principal Upanishads.*

[4] *Loc. cit.*

[5] *The Philosophy of the Upanishads*, pp. 228 ff.

In both of these passages, attention is drawn to what is apparent: "diversity," "seeming diversity," "death, sickness, distress," and the not-Real, but the merely "seeming"; in juxtaposition to the "All," the "Unity," the "All entirely" and "enduring Being." In this sense, it can be argued that the former (the not-Real) is *māyā*, illusion, appearance (though the term *māyā* is not explicitly used) and the latter, Being, One, All, or Unity is the only Real. *Māyā* is thus a false way of regarding the world, and, in a manner of speaking, it is the falseness itself.

The later Upaniṣads support this division (which is logical but not Real). Thus the *Maitri Upaniṣad*:

> Verily there are two Brahmas to be meditated upon: sound and non-sound. Now non-sound is revealed only by sound. . . . (6.22)
>
> There are, assuredly, two forms of Brahma: the formed and the formless. Now, that which is the formed is unreal; that which is the formless is real. (6.3)

The first actual use of the concept of *māyā* is probably found in the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad*, where that concept is connected with the notion of "magic powers" whereby God hides Himself:

> He became corresponding in form to every form.
> This is to be looked upon as a form of him.
> Indra by his magic powers [*māyā*] goes about in many forms;
> Yoked are his ten-hundred steeds.
>
> (*Bṛ. Up.*, 2.5.19).

This same Upaniṣad speaks of this *māyā* as "covering" and "hiding" God (2.5.18), and still earlier states that name and form (*nāma, rūpa*) veil Life, i.e., the world (1.6.3).

Side by side with these passages describing God's "power" of hiding himself, the Real, by the veil or illusion of the world, is another notion, *avidyā*, which seizes the problem from the viewer's point of view, so to speak. Thus, when the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka* says, "Him they see not . . .," this is a reference to the inability of the "they," the viewers, to perceive Him. The cause of this inability to perceive the Real, or to know discriminately what the Real is, is called *avidyā* or ignorance. Thus early in the Upaniṣads themselves, the two concepts of *māyā* and *avidyā* appear together, the former being an expression of God's hiddenness, the latter being an expression of the shortcoming of the viewer, who can, however, under proper direction, come to a state of knowing the Real once *avidyā* drops away.

One can look upon the "power of God" as being on the one hand a veiling (darkness and ignorance) and, on the other, a revealing (luminosity and manifesting). Both are ways of regarding the power of the Divine; the one is negative *avidyā*, the other positive *māyā* or divine art.

Later Upaniṣads expand on the theme as set forth in the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka*. A late one, the *Śvetāśvatara*, is concise in setting forth the philosophy of *māyā*:

> This whole world the illusion-maker projects out of this (*Brahma*).
> And in it by illusion the other is confined.
> Now, one should know that nature is illusion,
> And that the Mighty Lord is illusion-maker. (4.9-10)

Even here, by implication from *avidyā*, *vidyā* is present in the phrase, "Now, one should know . . ."; for those who do not know and suffer under the illusion of *māyā*, are steeped in *avidyā*. Thus, in summary, one might say, that *māyā* and *avidyā* begin together in the earliest Upaniṣads and are found, still linked, in the later Upaniṣads. One might hazard the guess that the whole development throughout the other Upaniṣads of these two concepts is one of clarification, since in the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka* and the *Chāndogya*, they are not well defined, but certainly present by implication; while in the *Śvetāśvatara* they emerge quite well delineated and fully developed.

That this is indeed the case can be easily verified by an examination of the other Upaniṣads between the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka* and the *Śvetāśvatara* which mention and develop further the concept of *māyā*. (We shall not explicitly mention *avidyā* from now on, and we will assume that it is linked to *māyā* as we have shown in our preceding discussion.)

The *Bhagavad-Gītā* develops much further the explication of *māyā* and the passages describing *māyā* are too numerous to mention them all. But the essence can be received from these few following quotations, which do not differ appreciably from those we have found already in the Upaniṣads:

> This entire universe is pervaded by me, in that eternal form of mine which is not manifest to the senses. . . .
>
> Helpless all, for Maya is their master,
> And I, their Lord, the master of this Maya.
> Ever and again, I send these multitudes
> Forth from my Being. . . .
>
> For my spirit
> Stands apart, watching over

Maya, the maker.[6]

Krishna is stating that this power of *māyā* is used by Him to create the world, which He also pervades. *Māyā* is a maker, a master whom God in turn controls or masters. In this passage, *Māyā* makes the multitudes, the world of *nāma-rūpa,* as the servant or "power" of God. In another passage, Krishna says:

I am He who causes
No other beside me.
Upon me, these worlds are held
Like pearls strung on a thread.[7]

Here, as causer of the worlds again, Krishna works through *māyā,* for, as he goes on to say:

> The entire world is deluded by the moods and mental states which are the expression of these three gunas. That is why the world fails to recognize me as I really am.[8]

Thus Krishna causes *māyā* to act through the *gunas* to produce the illusion that is the world, and thereby *māyā* produces *avidyā*. Again, this is familiar to us from our analysis of *māyā* in the Upaniṣads. Elsewhere, expressions like "It is your ignorance, it is the world's delusion that gives you these dreams"[9] and "Draw your sword of discrimination and slash delusion to pieces"[10] certainly serve to relate the concept of *avidyā* to *māyā*. But it is sufficiently clear from these passages and those above that *māyā* is to be used for the Divine power by which delusion or illusion is created. The Scriptures, then, are not essentially in disagreement over the concept of *māyā*; and the Upaniṣads we have examined and the *Bhagavad-Gītā* seem agreed upon this kind of usage.

The philosophers we shall note in conclusion agreed also on the proper use of the concept of *māyā*. We shall mention only one such commentator, Śaṁkara. But we will begin with a few definitions of the concept from two other Orientalists.

Joseph Campbell, in a footnote to Heinrich Zimmer's text of *The Philosophies of India* states of the etymology of this concept:

> *Maya,* from the root *mā,* "to measure, to form, to build," denotes, in

---

[6] *The Bhagavad-Gita.* Trs. by PRABHAVANANDA and ISHERWOOD. p. 80.
[7] *Op. cit.,* p. 71.
[8] *Ibid.*
[9] *Op. cit.,* p. 59.
[10] *Op. cit.,* p. 56.

the first place, the power of a god or demon to produce illusory effects, to change form, and to appear under deceiving masks (p. 19 fn.).

Zimmer himself notes the definition of *māyā* also as "deceit, trick, the display of an illusion" (p. 122), and we must agree that this is the usage we have noted throughout the Scriptures, above.

Mention should be made of an article by A. K. Coomaraswamy, "On Translation: Maya, Deva, Tapas."[11] Coomaraswamy denies that the physical world is *māyā* and argues that only the *māyā-śakti* is truly what is meant by *māyā*, i.e., that in Western terms *māyā* is *Natura naturans*, not *natura naturata*; as such it is the formative power of *Īśvara*, "*Māyā* being the means by which manifestation is effected" (p. 79). Coomaraswamy prefers, consequently, the English word "magic" as a description of this power or activity of manifestation.

Of *māyā* as set down in the scriptures, another rendering, as "divine arts," would not be far of the mark. Here *māyā* is the objectivizing tendency of *Ātmā*, and since *Ātmā* is infinite, it is correct to say with Śaṁkara that *māyā* is without beginning. Thus *māyā* is both light and darkness in a sense: Light, in so far as *māyā* is "divine art," and darkness, in so far as *māyā* is *avidyā*, i.e., in so far as it conceals the Lord or *Ātmā*. Both interpretations are consistent with Scripture, and have their origin, we believe, explicitly in Śaṁkara.

If we turn to Śaṁkara, we can note some very interesting explications of the *māyā* doctrine.[12] In his Commentary on the *Vedānta Sūtras* (I.iv.3), Śaṁkara states that *māyā* is called "undeveloped" or "non-manifested" since it cannot be defined either as that which is or has being, or that which is not or has not being. In our previous investigations of Hindu Scripture, no metaphysical status was really given to *māyā* itself: Krishna said he "mastered *māyā*" and if *māyā* is a "maker" then Krishna controls this maker (the language uses metaphor very well here). Consequently, *māyā* is "less real" than Krishna, and yet not "unreal"; for it causes the illusion and must therefore have some "real" status. Śaṁkara, with great genius, recognizes the only other alternative, i.e., denying both reality and non-reality to *māyā*.

In his Commentary (II. i. 14), Śaṁkara quotes from a number of Upaniṣads where the *māyā* doctrine is mentioned. It is in this passage that, for the first time, he brings out the concept of *māyā-śakti*, the

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[11] *Isis*, No. 55, April 1933.

[12] In *A Source Book in Indian Philosophy*. Ed. by S. RADHAKRISHNAN and CHARLES MOORE. They take the quotations from The Sacred Books of the East, Vols. XXXIV and XXXVIII.

power by which *Brahman* manifests illusion in the world. Name and form are the limiting adjuncts upon which the Lord depends, for He stands in the phenomenal world, we are told, as ruler over the *jīvas* (as *Īśvara*). In this sense, the power of the Lord produces that world of ignorance in which the Lord then returns to rule over those who are one with his own Self. Care must be taken, in interpreting Śaṁkara, to remember that at no time does he admit (as indeed he cannot and still be consistent) that there is any thing, entity, or soul which is separate from the Lord. His power has created this world. He maintains it in existence, and He will eventually dissolve it. This power of phenomenality or appearance (II.i.37) called *māyā* is the magic instrument by virtue of which the world is as it is, and is as it appears; though it is only appearance.

Those philosophers who accuse Śaṁkara of a double standard of truth (e.g., A. L. Basham: *The Wonder That Was India*, p. 328) fail to note that there is only one truth; and that our ignorance causes us to see only the Lord's *māyā*, and interpret this as one truth and *Brahman* as another. It is the case that these philosophers do not realize that *māyā* itself has neither reality nor unreality; to say *māyā* is real in any sense, necessarily involves one in accusing Śaṁkara of a double-truth doctrine. The real truth of Advaita and the greatness of Śaṁkara lie in properly interpreting *māyā* as neither real nor unreal.

Arthur L. Herman

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FOUR GREAT BODHISATTVAS

[This article by our esteemed friend **Bhadanta Bhikshu Sangharakshita,** of the Triyana Vardhana Vihara, Kalimpong, supplements his previous essay, in our February 1963 issue, on "The 'Three Family Protectors' of Tibet." Both these are extracts from his forthcoming book, *The Heritage of Buddhism.*—Ed.]

Apart from the "Three Family Protectors" described in a previous article, Maitreya (Pāli, "Metteyya"), the "Friendly One," also known as Ajita, the "Unconquered," is without question the most prominent of the Bodhisattvas. As the one destined to become the next human Buddha, he enjoys the unique distinction of being the only Bodhisattva recognized throughout the entire Buddhist world, in Theravādin as well as in Mahāyāna lands; for which reason it has been suggested that his worship might constitute a means of unification among Buddhists.

Though his name occurs only once in the *Nikāyas,* when the Buddha prophesies his advent,[1] he is frequently alluded to in Pali exegetical literature: Buddhaghosa concludes the *Visuddhimagga* (according to the Sinhalese texts) with a fervent poetical aspiration to attain Arahantship in his presence. He is also mentioned in the earlier Sanskrit and Mixed Sanskrit works such as the *Lalitavistāra,* the *Divyāvadāna,* and the *Mahāvastu.* In the *Saddharma-Puṇḍarīka* he plays a prominent part, but still is subordinate to Mañjuśrī, who acts as his instructor. Minor works such as the *Maitreyavyākaraṇa* or "Prediction concerning Maitreya" relate in detail the circumstances of his coming.

Strictly speaking, Maitreya is at present a Bodhisattva of the ninth *bhūmi,* but tradition often speaks of him, by anticipation, as a Buddha, and as such he is frequently depicted in art. Of brilliant golden hue, he bears for emblems the wheel, the *stupa,* and the sacred vase (*kalaśa*). The last of these, now closed, contains ambrosia, representing the Truth with which he will one day besprinkle mankind. Both as Buddha and as Bodhisattva he often sits not in the more usual cross-legged postures, but as though upon a chair, in European fashion, thus indicating his readiness to descend from the Tuṣita Heaven, where he now resides, to the earth, in order to fulfil his Original Vow by traversing the tenth and last *bhūmi* and gaining Supreme Buddhahood for the benefit of all.

Various attempts have been made by non-Buddhists to identify

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[1] *Dīgha-Nikāya,* III. 76.

Maitreya with their own spiritual heroes. Christian missionaries, in an attempt to undermine the loyalties of the faithful, have been known to argue that the Buddha's predictions about Maitreya really refer to Christ. J. Krishnamurti has been similarly acclaimed. For the Buddhist world, however, the messianic hopes which centre on the person of Maitreya are as yet unfulfilled. According to wide-spread beliefs, his advent will be preceded by the reappearance of Nāgārjuna and other ancient sages and by the unification of the whole world under the rule of a righteous Buddhist king. Meanwhile, throughout Central Asia and the Himalayan borderlands, where his cult is strongest, the presence of numerous gigantic images, mountain rocks carved with the imploring inscription "Come, Maitreya, come!" and even the horse-races held in his honour during the Tibetan New Year, testify to the faith with which his devotees expect, and the fervour with which they seek to hasten, his coming.

Samantabhadra, the "All-Good," and Mahāsthāmaprāpta, "Attained to Great Strength," are both mentioned in the *Saddharma-Puṇḍarīka,* Chapter XXVIII (in the Chinese version) being dedicated to the one and Chapter XX to the other. Together with Mañjuśrī, Samantabhadra figures prominently in the *Gaṇḍavyūha,* which according to Suzuki is "in a sense the history of the inner religious consciousness of Samantabhadra";[2] while Mahāsthāmaprāpta is described at length in the *Amitāyur-dhyāna,* together with Avalokiteśvara, as attending upon the Buddha of Infinite Light and Life in the Happy Land. As embodiments respectively of Compassion and Power they resemble and in a way duplicate Avalokiteśvara and Vajrapāṇi; but by virtue of his association with an outstandingly popular group of *Sūtras* Mahāsthāmaprāpta was able largely to supersede Vajrapāṇi throughout the Far East. In Indian iconography they are depicted in the same princely form as other Bodhisattvas: Samantabhadra, white in colour, bears on a lotus his family emblem, the wheel; Mahāsthāmaprāpta is white or yellow and holds either a bunch of six full-blown lotuses or a sword. In China or Japan, where his cult flourished and he became more recognizably an individual, Samantabhadra (Chinese, P'u-hsien, Japanese, Fugen) is green in colour and rides a white elephant. He is depicted thus when, in a popular group known as the Śākya Trinity, he and Mañjuśrī, who rides a lion, appear on either side of a larger central figure of the Buddha.

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[2] *Essays in Zen Buddhism* (Third Series), p. 81.

Kṣitigarbha or "Earth-Womb" also is more popular in the Far East than he ever was in India. As his name suggests, Kṣitigarbha is connected with the depths. Like all Bodhisattvas, he aspires to deliver sentient beings wandering astray in the five (or six) paths of mundane existence; but he specializes, as it were, in delivering them from hell. This expresses exoterically an extremely profound and esoteric aspect of the Bodhisattva's compassionate activity: he takes upon himself the fearful task not merely of plumbing the depths of existence, and bringing relief and consolation to those in torment, but of personally transforming and uplifting the vast inchoate mass of fear, hatred, and despair swarming and pullulating in the pitch darkness of the Abyss. He is that loving condescension of the highest to the lowest which, abandoning its own bright seats, does not shrink from working under conditions the most difficult and appalling — amidst scenes of horror, madness, and desolation — at the seemingly hopeless task of reclaiming what is irrecoverably lost. Kṣitigarbha is the principle of spiritual sublimation in its most radical aspect, powerful enough to transform not merely hell into heaven but the foulest dregs of the Saṁsāra, even, into the pure radiance of Nirvāṇa. He is the supreme embodiment of spiritual optimism, the extremest development of Mahāyāna universalism, which wills that not so much as a grain of dust should be left outside the scheme of salvation.

This seems to have been imperfectly understood in the Far East. In China, where he was known as Ti-tsang (Japanese, Jizo), he became "not so much a Saviour [from hell] as the kindly superintendent of a prison who preaches to the inmates and willingly procures their release."[3] In Japan he underwent changes even more surprising. As his popularity grew, besides greatly expanding the scope of his Bodhisattva activities, he became not only a sort of god of the roads and the special protector of children but also the patron saint of warriors. Indian iconography generally depicts him as yellow or green in colour, showing the *bhūmi-sparśa* or "earth-touching" gesture with his right hand and bearing in his left a lotus with the *kalpa-vṛkṣa* or wish-fulfilling tree. Chinese and Japanese art represent him in monastic dress, grasping the *khakkhara* or ringed staff of the Sarvastivadin monk with his right hand and holding in his left the *cintāmaṇi,* or wish-granting gem.

BHIKSHU SANGHARAKSHITA

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[3] ELIOT: *Hinduism and Buddhism,* Vol. II, p. 24.

THE MYSTIC POETRY OF PERSIA

[**Shrimati Vasanti Golikere** has belonged to the Shri-Aurobindo Ashram at Pondicherry for over a dozen years. She is fond of languages and music, and teaches English at the Shri-Aurobindo International Centre of Education. We print below the first part of her article on the mystic poets of Persia, dealing with sympathetic understanding with the Zoroastrian *Gathas*. A second part will deal with the Sufis of Persia.—Ed.]

I

THE GATHAS OF ZARATHUSTRA

A poetry that springs from the Supernal in a burst of creative inspiration, luminous and ecstatic — that is mystic poetry *par excellence*. It is an outpouring of the Spirit in beauty of vision, sound, and rhythm. The *mantra,* the creative Word, the highest revelatory utterance, is the acme of mystic poetry. We have innumerable examples of it in the Vedas, the Upanishads, the *Gita* and in all the principal religious scriptures of the world. Let us consider the mystic poetry of that ancient country, Persia, whose cultural and spiritual development closely paralleled that of India in a bygone age.

The Avesta of Persia, the sacred mass of scriptural texts of the Zoroastrian religion, ranks with the Veda as a record of profound spiritual inspiration. It dates back to the immemorial past and contains some of the richest gems of mystic poetry. The hymns in the Avesta called the *Gathas* of Zarathustra are, in a way, similar to the *riks* of the Veda. Both have similar gods and goddesses, although later Persia went on to develop a monotheistic religion. *Atash Behram,* the most sacred of the Fires, the great Purifier, reminds us of the Vedic *Pavaka, Agni*; Ushah and Ushahina of Ushas, the Dawn; Hvarekshaeta of Surya, the Sun; Haoma, the deity of the mystic plant of divine ambrosia, Haoma "the Righteous, the golden-hued, of far-spreading radiance," evokes memories of the famous Soma of the Vedic Rishis. Hvarekshaeta is closely associated with Mithra, again a Vedic name for Surya. In *Asha* the Truth-Law, we recognize the Right, the *Rita* of the Veda. Symbols like the Waters, Rivers, Serpents, Horses, sacred Grass, and Twigs to express spiritual and occult truths are common to both the Avesta and the Veda. In many places even the words and phrases are identical, as in the description of Mithra: "Immortal, radiant, and swift-horsed." There is in the Avesta the same care to conceal from the profane the

inner meaning in a garb of a rich and colourful symbolism as in the Veda:

> Come, O Clouds, come with your waters, which go forward, which fall, which rest on the soil, bearing the rains by thousands, and by tens of thousand . . . for annihilating sickness, for annihilating death.
>
> He who will offer to you the sacrifice, O good Waters, daughters of Ahura, with very good libations, with excellent libations . . . give him fortune and splendour, give him health of body, give him strength of body, give him triumphant vigour of body . . . give him a place in the excellent world of the pure, the bright, all luminous. (*Yasna*, 67-30)

That the poet is not referring to the ordinary rivers or rains is obvious. Compare these with the following *riks* from the Veda:—

> In the Waters is immortality, in the Waters the remedy.
>
> Of the Waters I ask the remedy; in the Waters, said Soma to me, in the Waters are all remedies. O Waters, give me the remedy in full torrents, a bulwark which may defend my body.

Here is a verse about the "Seven holy Immortals" which strongly recalls the Seven Heads or Forms of Thought, *sapta dhitayah*, the Sevenfold Power of Truth, the Seven Mighty Ones of Heaven, in the Veda:—

> Who are seven of one thought,
> Who are seven of one word,
> Who are seven of one deed:
> Whose thought is the same,
> Whose deed is the same;
> And whose Father and Lord is the same—
> the Creator, Ahura Mazda.
> (*Yasht*, XIII. 23)

It is the same truth of Seven Principles of Existence governing the creation that finds expression in identical terms.

The utterances of Zarathustra have the authentic quality and ring of a *mantra*. What sublimity and grandeur are there in the following lines! Each word is vibrant with power:—

> My name is He who hath shaped everything. (*Ahura Mazda Yashta*, 14)
>
> The Lord before and beyond whom there is none other. (*Yasna*, XXVIII. 3)
>
> Ahura, the beginning Thou and Thou the End. (*Z.Gatha*, 48. 7)
>
> Supremest One without a rival (*Ahurvad Gatha*, 28, 3)

"Supremest One, without a rival," finds its echoes in the *Ekameva*

advitiyam (One only, without a second), the great *vakya* of the Upanishad, even as it recalls from the Bible the passage: "There is One alone and there is not a second (*Eccles.*, IV), thus emphasizing the oneness of spiritual Truth and its Vision in all climes and ages.

Indeed the mystics of all religions have voiced the profoundest truths in almost identical words. When Zarathustra the prophet prays to Ahura Mazda,[1] the Supreme Lord:

> "Tell me, O pure Ahura Mazda, the Name which is thy greatest, best, fairest and the most efficacious for prayer,"

Ahura Mazda replies,

> "My first Name is *Ahmi* (I Am) . . . and my twentieth is *Ahmi yad Ahmi Mazdao* (I am that I am, Mazda).

Both of these phrases are also the Names of Jehovah in the Bible:—

> And God said unto Moses, "I am that I am," *ehyeh ashar yeh yeh.* And He said, "Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel: *I am* hath sent me unto you."

It is interesting to note that in the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* the terms "I am that I am" are applied to God.

Among the many beautiful hymns in the Avesta some of the most striking are those dedicated to Sraosha, "the Holy, the Victorious, the Wielder of the Mace." They are remarkable for their bright imagery and flaming vision. Sraosha is "Revealer of the Law, the Master, tall and high-girded, whose house of victory, thousand-pillared, is built upon the highest heights, shining by its own splendour." "With his sharp-edged weapon he hews down the skulls of the Dawn of Wrath and other demons."

> We worship Sraosha the Holy, the Master, whom four steeds, red, brilliant, beautiful, divine, wise and shadowless, bear darting through the heavenly spaces; their hard hooves are inlaid with gold!
>
> They are swifter than mortal steeds, swifter than winds, swifter than rain, swifter than clouds, swifter than birds well-winged, swifter than arrows well-sped.

The repetition of the adjective *swifter* and the insistent rhythm like the steady strokes of a hammer bring home to us the swiftness of these supernal steeds.

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[1] *Vide Essential Unity of All Religions.* By Bhagwan Das.

We also come across songs of love and longing for the Divine:—

I shall weave my songs of love to Thee, Supremest One,
Who hath no rival! In praise of Asha and Vohu-Mano —
Law of Truth, Pure-Mind — I shall offer endless praise.
. . . Come Truth,
Pure-Mind, towards my yearnings — for my Joy's realization,
And bring me fulfilment of undying spiritual Bliss.

O Thou Best-One! who art one mind with Highest Truths!
Ever for Thee, with longing and in love, I yearn!
That Best, which blessing of the Good-Mind is, give Thou!
That one with Thee — we make Thy word be known, Thy rule establish.

And so on, until we are borne onward by the quiet chant of prayer on the tide of a grave and haunting rhythm gradually through harmonious undulations, till it finally ends on the grand note of the soul's high aspiration for union with the Supreme:—

Through the best Righteousness, through the highest Righteousness, may we catch sight of Thee, may we approach Thee, may we be in perfect union with Thee. (*Hoshbam*)

The same aspiration spoke through the tremulous words of the Rishi who beseeches the Bountiful One: "Stay still. I grasp the hem of Thy Garment" (*RV.*, III. 53. 2).

(*To be concluded*)

VASANTI GOLIKERE

AN AMERICAN HAIKU

Tear not a finger
from the open hand of God
lest it close on thee.

DOROTHY ELLIN FLAX

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MARTIN HEIDEGGER

[We print below the third and concluding part of **Shri S. Subhash Chandra's** long study.—Ed.]

III

Dasein, then, is essentially being-with others. And here we enter into one of the most fascinating phases of Heidegger's thought. *Dasein,* we are told, in its daily being-with-one-another (*Miteinandersein*) falls prey to the "others." The others decide the possibilities of the everyday being of *Dasein.* He succumbs to their arbitrary whims and fancies. The others are no *definite* others. Quite on the contrary, every other being can replace them or represent them. The "others" dominate decisively but unobtrusively over one's own being. One himself belongs to the "others" and serves thereby to consolidate their power. The "others" are invariably present. They are everywhere and nowhere. And who are these "others"? They are neither these nor those; they are neither few nor many. They are also not the aggregate of all beings. One may well ask in amply justified irritation, "What, then, are these 'others'?" The answer is: the essence of these all-powerful, omnipresent, but unobtrusive and indefinite "others" is embodied in the expression: "one." Everything disappears in the indeterminate and hazy collectivity of the "one." We discover, much to our consternation, that one reads a newspaper, one goes to office, one writes a letter, one takes a walk, one goes to see a film, one should not disobey the parents, one ought not to steal or tell lies, one should not betray one's own country, one is happy to be alive, one is scared of one's own death, and, last but not least, one resolves to write an article on Martin Heidegger! In truth, one never loses sight of this mysterious "one"! In short, this "one" is everybody and nobody. Indeed, it is rather *nobody.* It reduces everything to the status of an indeterminate and inconsequential averageness (*Durchschnittlichkeit*). It chokes the uniqueness of the human being. It serves to stultify all forms of individuality. It inspires a misguided emphasis on standardization. It must be borne in mind that the lapse into this characteristically indefinite and sterile "nobody" (*Niemand*) is no error or illusion of *Dasein,* but constitutes a positive feature of *Dasein.* It belongs to the existential structure of *Dasein.*[1]

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[1] *Sein und Zeit,* pp. 126–9.

One of the basic facets of the nature of *Dasein* is that it is not merely present in the world, but is so in a unique manner. It is accessible (*Erschlossen*) to the possibilities of being which are open to him. He is not hermetically sealed, but is essentially, and not merely factually, open to the world. Indeed, this accessibility to his possibilities is so very fundamental that Heidegger avers that *Dasein* "is primarily being-possible (*Möglichsein*). *Dasein* is invariably that, what he can be and how he embodies his own possibility."[2] It is true that in its everyday life *Dasein* betrays the possibilities of his being. That, however, is no refutation of this character of being essentially accessible to his possibilities. Indeed, in this very evasion of the possibilities of his being, *Dasein* proves in the most compelling manner his accessibility to his possibilities.

The outstanding result of this concept of being accessible to one's own possibilities of being is the theory of the disposition (*Befindlichkeit*) of *Dasein*. According to this theory, *Dasein* does not merely come to take place, but is already there. *Dasein* happens upon himself as a result of self-discovery. He invariably finds himself as already existing in the form of determined possibilities. *Dasein* is disposed to find himself thrown into the world. In his accessibility, he is delivered to the world. He becomes forfeit to the world.[3]

Aside from this disposition, understanding (*Verstehen*) embodies another existentiality of the original accessibility of *Dasein* as being-in-the-world. Understanding, maintains Heidegger, possesses the existential structure of being the project (*Entwurf*). Understanding serves to project the possibilities of *Dasein*. This projective function of understanding, however, ought not to be conceived as implying the unfoldment of Dasein in terms of a certain plan. The projection here implies that *Dasein* as such is inevitably projective, i.e., projects itself in the form of his already existing possibilities. Understanding as projection incarnates the possibilities of *Dasein* as possibilities.[4]

Speech (*Rede*) articulates still another feature of the existentiality of *Dasein*. Speech is constitutive of the existential structure of the accessibility of *Dasein*. It is the vocalization of the "understandability" of being-in-the-world. The entire significant complex of "understandability" acquires a verbal concreteness. Implications translate themselves into words, but not *vice versa*. Language (*Sprache*) connotes the speak-

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[2] *Ibid.*, p. 143.
[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 135-9.
[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 143-7.

ing-out (*Hinausgesprochenheit*) of the speech. Speech involves the two modes of hearing (*Hören*) and silence (*Schweigen*). In hearing *Dasein* is existentially being-open to his being-with others. Both speech and hearing are rooted in understanding. Only he who already understands can truly speak and hear. Silence, the second mode of speech, does not coincide with dumbness. Quite on the contrary, the dumb yearn to speak. Their complete taciturnity not only does not prove that they could be silent, but even goes to indicate that they lack even the possibility of being able to prove their ability to inculcate silence. Silence is possible only in terms of genuine speech. In order at all to maintain silence, we must have something to say. No wonder, then, that *Dasein* is blessed with the gift of speech.[5]

We have already alluded to the view of Heidegger that *Dasein* is bereaved of its uniqueness in the unobtrusive triviality of the "one." It is denuded of its individuality. It falls prey to the daily routine. It becomes essentially forfeit to the world. This forfeiture (*Verfallensein*) to the world implies the dissolution of *Dasein* into mere being-with-one-another in so far as this dissolution is occasioned by gossip (*Gerede*), curiosity (*Neugier*), and ambiguity (*Zweideutigkeit*). This fall of *Dasein*, however, should not be conceived as a degradation from a purer or higher state of being to a lesser state. Quite on the contrary, a fundamental ontological element of *Dasein* reveals itself in this fall. "An existential mode of being-in-the-world documents itself in the phenomenon of degeneration (*Verfall*)," avers Heidegger.[6] *Dasein* himself provokes in his own being the relentless temptation to degenerate. Indeed, merely to be-in-the-world is tantamount to succumbing to this temptation. The self-certitude of the "one" and its pretension to lead and support genuine life occasions a sense of complacency in *Dasein*. One is inclined to believe that all is well in the world, one is tempted to be complacent, with the result that *Dasein* degenerates into the anonymous "one."

The disappearance of *Dasein* into the "one" of the daily life of routine involves his flight from his own being or rather from the possibilities of his own being. Flight from one's own being does not coincide merely with some form of retreat. It rather denotes a retreat-rooted in fear (*Furcht*) of something threatening. The menace engenders dread (*Angst*). The dread of Heidegger is not instigated by any worldly danger, however terrible it may be. It is not related to the

[5] *Ibid.*, pp. 160-6.

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 176.

world of fact or fancy. Indeed, not merely is this dread in fact unrelated to any definite danger or threat of it, but such dangers are entirely irrelevant to it. Consequently, the menace is neither "here" nor "there." The menace is nowhere (*nirgends*). And it is precisely this uncertainty concerning the origin of our dread that constitutes the menace, and forces us to retreat from the possibilities of our own being. This "nowhere," however, does not signify a total lack of all origin. It only means that the source is not localized in the world of being. Not any phenomenon in the world but the world itself occasions this dread. *Dasein* is pursued by the very *possibility* of the world of being. *Dasein* is terrorized by the very phenomenon of being-in-the-world. As a result, the complacency of the everyday life collapses. *Dasein* ceases to feel himself at home in the world. Indeed, *Dasein* never feels himself at home in the world. The complacent anonymity of the "one" fails to protect him against this very basic dread concerning the possibilities of his being. As a matter of fact, his being-in-the-world is a mode of this "not-being-at-home" (*Unheimlichkeit*), and not *vice versa*.[7]

Dasein, then, is dominated by a dread concerning the very possibilities of his being in the world, suffused by it. It lives under the hegemony of an anxious concern (*Sorge*) related to his being-in-the-world. *Dasein* is immersed in this concern, saturated by it. This concern pertaining to his being-in-the-world constitutes the soul of *Dasein*. *Dasein* is in the first place this concern related to the possibilities of his being (which are already there: his possibilities go ahead of him). Heidegger warns us against interpreting this concern as an ontic feature of *Dasein*.[8] It does not refer to a concern about some spatio-temporal unit. As the kernel of *Dasein*, it pertains to the very being-in-the-world as such. In other words, this concern too may be understood only as an existential-ontological foundation of the being of *Dasein*. This fundamental concern is distinguished by three outstanding elements: existentiality (*Existenzialität*), facticity (*Faktizität*), and degeneration (*Verfallensein*). These three features are neither related nor independent units. They constitute an inseparable unity. They necessarily involve each other, and none of them can be conceived without conceiving the other two as well.[9]

Dasein, then, is essentially the embodiment of the fundamental con-

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[7] *Ibid.*, pp. 184–9.

[8] MARTIN HEIDEGGER: *Kant und das Problem der Metaphysik* (Vittorio Klostermann, Frankfurt a.M. 1951), p. 213.

[9] *Sein und Zeit*, pp. 191–4.

cern about his being-in-the-world. *Dasein,* as we have already seen, is essentially a possible being. It is always on the way to the realization of the possibilities of his being. And death (*Tod*) constitutes the terminus of his possibilities. In death, *Dasein* attains his totality. Death signifies the end of *Dasein.* But, one may well ask, in what sense is death the end of *Dasein*? Does it mean merely that *Dasein* ceases to exist? Or does it here exhaust the possibilities of his existence in the sense in which a ripened fruit is exhausted of the possibilities of its being and must either be consumed or decay? Or are not these possibilities taken away from him? Is not *Dasein* in death deprived of the very possibility of fulfilling his possibilities? Premature death puts an end to a *Dasein* before it attains a consummation of the possibilities of its existence. On the other hand, *Dasein* is not bound to wait upon death before attaining the "maturity" of his possibilities. Death denotes no mere cessation of *Dasein,* asserts Heidegger. It is rather a form of *Dasein*'s being. Death is inevitably wedded to life. In the very act of birth we are condemned to die.[10] Death is a phenomenon of life. We are thrown (*geworfen*) into the possibility of death. This being-thrown-into-death reveals itself most eloquently in the phenomenon of dread. We are seized by the dread of the inevitability of our *own* death. We can replace each other in every aspect of life. Only in death all replacement, even to the most insignificant degree, is excluded. I cannot transfer my own death to someone else. Correspondingly, nobody, however willing he may be, can replace me as far as my own death is concerned.[11]

Death is further characterized by the following five marks: First, death is in the most personal sense of the word my *own* death. Here there is no room for seeking shelter beyond the anonymity of the nondescript "one." Secondly, as my own possibility, death is unrelated to others. It not merely belongs to me in an indifferent manner, but insists on dealing with me as a single, i.e., unrelated to others, being. Thirdly, death represents the highest possibility of my life. It just cannot be surpassed. Fourthly, death is inevitable. Fifthly, it is indefinite. It looms as a constant threat ahead of us. But exactly at what moment this threat is to descend on us remains unrevealed to us. We are kept guessing.[12]

Death, then, is uniquely my own. It eschews all substitution. In everyday life, however, we strive to counterfeit even this uniqueness.

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[10] *Ibid.*, pp. 244–5.

[11] *Ibid.*, pp. 239–40.

[12] *Ibid.*, pp. 263–6.

Although essentially death constitutes a refutation of the anonymity of the "one," in practice we succumb to the temptation of disguising from ourselves even the uniqueness of death. We feign to speak of death in terms of the expression: "One dies." We degrade death to the status of a mere event, when we say: "One must die." In this statement, we disown the most unique and the most unsurpassed possibility of our being. We lack the courage to stand face to face before the possibility of our own death, and seek shelter beyond the ambiguous anonymity of the "one." We yearn for an easy complacency. And we obtain this illusory complacency by letting the remarkable uniqueness of death lapse into a nameless and shapeless generality. We endeavour to evade the highest possibility of our own being. We resolve to undertake a flight from our own uniqueness. In short, we consummate our degeneration.[13]

Dasein, therefore, is forfeit to the sway of the anonymous everyday life. He is lost in the "one." As a result, *Dasein* is incapable of choosing even the possibilities of his own being. If he is to win back the capacity for choice at all, then he must first find the uniqueness of his own being. And how does he do that? By listening to the call of the conscience (*Stimme des Gewissens*), observes Heidegger. The conscience opens (*erschliessen*) to *Dasein* the possibilities of his own being. It shatters the tyranny of the "one." The conscience exhorts *Dasein* to return to its own uniqueness. As against the gossipping nature of the "one," the conscience expresses itself in the mode of silence (*Scheweigen*). Thereby it constrains *Dasein* silently but eloquently to realize his own being in its possibilities.[14]

Before we conclude our article, we should like to attempt a brief delineation of Heidegger's theory of temporality (*Zeitlichkeit*). *Dasein,* as we have already pointed out, is constitutive of being-in-the-world. It is essentially being-possible (*Seinkönnen*). Its possibilities loom ahead of him. Consequently, his temporality too is rooted in the future. The future tense is the basic tense of the temporality of *Dasein,* although present and past too are included as the other two "ecstasies" of *Dasein.* Neither temporality nor its three "ecstasies" of future, past, and present have any being of their own. They "are" in so far as they "time" the existential concern of *Dasein* related to the ontological possibilities of his being.[15] Indeed, the structural unity of concern is rooted in the temporality of *Dasein.* In the course of a very fascinating analysis,

[13] *Ibid.*, pp. 253-4.
[14] *Ibid.*, pp. 268–78.
[15] *Ibid.*, pp. 326–31.

Heidegger has sought to outline the relationship between dread and temporality. Without going into the details, we may here point out that existentiality, facticity, and degeneration derive their meaning from their respective relations to future, past, and present. Since Heidegger prefers to deal with the problem of time with reference to the temporality of *Dasein,* he comes to the conclusion that this temporality, like *Dasein* itself, is finite. In truth, the finite temporality of *Dasein* happens to be the foundation of the historicity of *Dasein.*

These are the salient features of Martin Heidegger's philosophy. The writings of Heidegger, as we pointed out at the beginning of our article, have provided a genuine and lasting impetus to philosophical thought all over the world. He has not only influenced phenomenology and existentialism (although he has consistently denied his affiliations to the latter school of thought[16]) but also thinkers less inclined to listen sympathetically to his word. He is a profound thinker and a complex personality. He has been often accused of being dogmatic, although he has taken care to refer to his contributions merely as the "indication of a [philosophical] path."[17] And, it must be said in fairness to him, it is a truly profound path. It bears the hallmark of greatness and his monumental work *Sein und Zeit* is assured of a permanent place among the classics of philosophy for all time to come. To conclude in the words of Gilbert Ryle, who could not possibly be accused of being partial to Heidegger:—

> I have nothing but admiration for his special undertaking and for such of his achievements in it as I can follow.... He shows himself to be a thinker of real importance by the immense subtlety and originality of his methods and conclusions, and by the unflagging energy with which he tries to think beyond the stock categories of orthodox philosophy and psychology.[18]

S. Subhash Chandra

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[16] Fritz Heinemann: *Existenzphilosophie: lebendig oder tot* (W. Kohlhammer Verlag, Stuttgart. 1954), p. 87.

[17] Heidegger: *Holzwege,* pp. 194–5.

[18] Review of *Sein und Zeit* in *Mind,* 1929. Cited by H. Spiegelberg: *The Phenomenological Movement* (Martinus Nijhoff, The Hague. 1960), Vol. I, pp. 271–2.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

AN INDIAN APPRECIATION

[**Shri A. Ranganathan** contributes a warm appreciation of Thoreau, noting especially the movement of ideas between ancient India and Thoreau and Thoreau and Gandhiji. As the late Shri B. P. Wadia wrote, Thoreau "should be with us today in the world which is groping for the Pattern of Freedom — not the Four or any other number of Freedoms, but Spiritual Liberty."—ED.]

IN the concluding survey of his comprehensive work entitled *A Thoreau Handbook* (New York University Press, 1959), Mr. Walter Harding has made some interesting observations:

> Thoreau still lacks official recognition. He has not been elected to the Hall of Fame. He has appeared on no postage stamps. His *alma mater*, Harvard University, has named no chairs or halls in his honour. There is no statue of Thoreau gracing any city park. . . . Thoreau appeals to the individual, not the mass. But his place in American literature and in world literature is secure.

Thoreau is remembered in India, however, for his celebrated essay on "Civil Disobedience," which influenced the course of the Gandhian revolution. Indeed, Thoreau, a poet among naturalists, has, as an inspirer of Gandhiji, become a patron saint of the Gandhian movement in India. And in a deeper sense, Gandhiji constitutes a link between America and India, between Thoreau and the present political awakening, between ancient Indian thought and the political theories of the West.

In some respects, it is impossible to imagine two men more unlike each other — Thoreau, a poet and a sceptic who taught at the "Concord Academy" in New England, and Gandhi, the young barrister who had left India for South Africa in pursuit of a legal career. And yet they shared a spiritual kinship of ideas. Son of a local pencil-maker in Concord and himself a Nonconformist graduate of Harvard (which "taught all the branches and none of the roots"), Thoreau was arrested in the summer of 1846 for non-payment of his poll-tax. Thoreau's intention was to bring a test case on the poll-tax law, but he was released since his aunt Maria paid the tax. However, those few hours in jail resulted in his most influential single essay, entitled "Civil Disobedience." Thoreau had formulated his ideas and delivered a lecture before the Concord Lyceum on "The Relation of the Individual to the State." It was first published in Elizabeth Peabody's *Aesthetic Papers* under the title "Resistance to Civil Government" and was later included in his collected works under its present title, "Civil Disobedience."

Thoreau, who was deeply influenced by ancient Indian thought, spoke of Concord as a confluence where "the pure Walden water is mingled with the sacred water of the Ganges." Since Thoreau's writings were delicately leavened with Indian thought, it is not surprising that Gandhiji responded easily to them. Gandhiji called Thoreau's effort "a masterly essay" which "left a deep impression" on him. The issue on which Thoreau fought was a moral principle. He differentiated, however, between one tax and another, and did not mind paying the highway tax or a school tax. For Thoreau was "one of the prophets of that struggle for moral independence that is the deepest and most permanent of American conflicts."

In 1907, a copy of Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience" fell into Gandhiji's hands, while he was in South Africa. And Gandhiji developed some of Thoreau's ideas and gave them his own personal flavour. Thoreau wrote:

> If one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name — if one honest man in this State of Massachusetts, ceasing to hold slaves, were actually to withdraw from co-partnership [with the government] and be locked up in the country jail, then it would be the abolition of slavery in America.

Gandhiji too felt that it was not numerical strength which counted for success; he believed in the purity of political suffering. He declared that men like Thoreau brought about the abolition of slavery by their personal achievements. Gandhiji's struggle against *apartheid* which made a great impact on the world's conscience, was analogous to Thoreau's crusade against slavery. Gandhiji gave a new content and significance to the broad outlines of Thoreau's thought. Thoreau's criticism of the brute force of an unjust government is the supreme moral basis upon which Gandhiji challenged the British rule in India. By identifying himself with the masses of India in his epic struggle against the continuance of British rule in India, Gandhiji succeeded in adapting some of Thoreau's ideas to suit the Indian ethos. In both these cases, it was a struggle between the conscience of an individual and brute force; the outcome vindicated the power of the individual spirit.

It is necessary to remember that the Gandhian ideal of self-government means "a continuous effort to be independent of government control whether it is the foreign government or the national government." "No society," wrote Mahatma Gandhi, "can possibly be built on a denial of individual freedom." Indeed, Gandhiji's Thoreau-inspired soul rebelled against those totalitarian measures of authoritarian govern-

ments which have resulted in the individual becoming submerged in a sea of collectivity. Thoreau and Gandhiji believed in the dignity of the individual as an end in himself, in order to achieve a new social order based on ethics, which is essentially a frame of mind. They believed in a pluralistic form of society, a compendium of human relationships reflecting the permanent values of civilization. Again, just as Thoreau's essay on "Civil Disobedience" helped Gandhi in his campaign against British authority, it must be remembered that Thoreau's teaching on human dignity as reflected in his *Walden* had a part in the ideas of the Fabian thinkers like Shaw, the Webbs, and Ramsay MacDonald; and these influenced the British Labour Party which after coming into power granted independence to India. Gandhiji was shrewd enough to remark that, of all governments, he had the least objection to the British Government, as it governed the least! A truly Thoreauvian sentiment! Indeed Gandhi would have agreed with Cecil Day Lewis, whose opening lines in "The Nabara" unveil poetic vistas of the Thoreauvian concept of freedom:

> Freedom is more than a word, more than the base coinage
> Of statesmen, the tyrant's dishonoured cheque, or the dreamer's mad
> Inflated currency.

Gandhiji was a deeply religious Indian, who combined political shrewdness with saintly qualities of the highest order. Thoreau was a philosophic rebel, a keen observer of "Nature," and an intellectual who was not religious in the conventional sense of the term. Thoreau's way of living at Walden was different from Gandhiji's. Thoreau's self-constructed hut at Walden helped him to commune with "Nature." Thoreau was keenly alive to the beauty of wild scenery, to the mellow sunsets of Concord and the calm waters of Walden, to "Nature" in the visual sense; but the natural landscape of the Gandhian abode was merely a setting for the Sarvodaya pattern of society. Thoreau investigated the behaviour of natural bodies of water under the guidance of such classificationists as Louis Agassiz and Gray. Indeed, Thoreau, who perceived the values of ancient Indian thought constituted a perennial source of creative insights in his understanding of life, had also made a pioneer exploration of the Mississippi watershed.

Thoreau was a literary naturalist who focused an image of the universe in his *Walden*. He took pride in having "travelled much in Concord." It is well to recollect that Thoreau spent two years, two months,

and two days by Walden. In writing he condensed these experiences into one year, which accounts for the underlying unity of his memorable *Walden*. As Emerson wrote:

> Thoreau was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to Church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh; he drank no wine; he never knew the use of tobacco; and though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun. He chose, wisely no doubt for himself, to be the bachelor of thought and Nature. He chose, to be rich by making his wants few, and supplying them himself.

A perceptive observer wrote:

> We read *Walden* as notes toward a philosophy of human happiness, with digressions into the movement of ponds, the flight of hawks, the patterns of snow, and the habits of owls. But it is most trimphant in the superb grace with which it joins the life of man to the life of nature. Its woodland jottings fold into its condemnation of greed and insincerity like the pauses of a prayer.

Louis Fischer has noted that there was an Indian imprint on Thoreau, who studied the sacred works of the Indians, and significantly adds: "Thoreau in Massachusetts borrowed from Gandhi's India and repaid the debt with works that reached Gandhi in a South African cell." Thoreau observed: "I bathe my intellect in the stupendous and the cosmogonal philosophy of the Upanishads and the Bhagavat Gita in comparison with which our modern world and literature seem so puny and trivial." The same ancient quest for perfection, illuminated by the ideals of the Buddha, inspired by the *Bhagavad-Gita* and articulated by the ideas of Western philosophers, helped to form the Gandhian political outlook. This mutual interchange of ideas not only is a classic example of what may be termed the cross-fertilization of ideas resulting in a new East-West spiritual dialogue but also reflects the fundamental unity of mankind.

As Wordsworth's pamphlet entitled "Tract on the Convention of Cintra" (an incident of the Peninsular War), in which he argued that Napoleon could be vanquished only by rousing the dormant impulses of nationalism among the conquered peoples, anticipated the spiritual basis of Mazzini's philosophy of nationalism, the basic doctrines of Thoreau's philosophy contain hints of Gandhiji's philosophy of Indian nationalism. Viewed in historical perspective, it is known that revolutions are made in the minds of men. John Locke was the spokesman

of the glorious revolution of 1688 in England. Voltaire and Rousseau were among the authors of the French Revolution. Thoreau had his impact on the Indian Revolution. There can be no doubt that Thoreau has a place in the history of civilizations. As Emerson observed, "Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home." And this poetic inspirer of Gandhiji, who died a little over a hundred years ago, has his spiritual "home" in the confluence of the Ganges and Walden, mingling the deeper political and spiritual traditions of the two countries.

A. RANGANATHAN

WHAT IF a man think scorn of me? That will be his affair. But it will be mine to refrain from doing or saying anything worthy of scorn. What if he hate me? That will be his affair. But I will be kindly and good-natured to everyone, and ready to shew even my enemy where he has seen amiss, not by way of rebuke nor with a parade of forbearance, but genuinely and chivalrously. For such should be the inner springs of a man's heart that the Gods see him angry at nothing and considering nothing a hardship. Why, what evil can happen to thee if thou thyself now doest what is congenial to thy nature, and welcomest what the Universal Nature now regards as well-timed, thou who art a man intensely eager that what is for the common interest should by one means or another be brought about?

—MARCUS AURELIUS

THE WOMEN OF TUNISIA

[In our March issue we printed **Mrs. Florence Pettit's** article on welfare work for children being done in Tunisia. This month she writes of the emancipation of Tunisian women. By far-sighted measures for the women and children of his newly-independent nation, President Bourguiba reveals himself both a man of vision and action.—Ed.]

There has been a quiet revolution going on in Tunisia during the last few years; a bloodless revolution concerned with the emancipation of women. When, after twenty-five years of struggle, this small country on the North African coast became independent, one of the first things that President Bourguiba endeavoured to do, was to make life more noble, more free for women. Under the Code of Personal Status, promulgated on January 1st, 1956, polygamy was prohibited. Tunisia thus became the first Arab country to recognize officially that polygamy is inconsistent with the dignity of women, and incompatible with the spirit of human equality. Also, that it is contradictory to the spirit of Islam!

It is claimed that the new laws obey the moral precepts of the Koran, but they adapt the marriage relationship to the demands of modern life. Many out-dated customs, thought to have been based on the teachings of the Koran, were found not to have been so based at all. For example, Islam merely recommended that women should cover their hair and their limbs. The custom of veiling has probably grown up through the necessity to keep dust from nostrils and mouths. A veil over the head can be used naturally as a temporary protection when the sand swirls about. Undoubtedly there were other reasons for covering the face of a lovely woman, but today a veil is not considered a necessary part of her attire. Women are not compelled to discard their veils, but they are rapidly putting them aside, despite a very natural opposition, or reluctance on the part of older women.

Most townswomen wear European dress today. This gives them freedom of movement, so necessary now that many are employed, or are in training for employment. It also gives them what is perhaps even more important — self-confidence.

A glossy magazine for women called *Faiza* encourages them to make their own simple clothes. Most issues include a paper pattern. The magazine also carries photographs of Parisian fashions, and stills from American films in which actors and actresses wear modern Western dress.

Madame Haddad, the only woman Member of Parliament so far,

an attractive dark-eyed woman of forty, wore a simple jumper and skirt when she received me in her home in the heart of Tunis, the capital. Her salon, where we drank sweet Turkish coffee from tiny glasses, is elegantly furnished in the French Empire style, with red and white satin upholstery. Yet it has Chinese silk panels hanging on the walls, and a handsome traditional handmade Kairouan carpet on the floor.

White jasmin was flowering in the courtyard, between the orange and lemon trees. A gardener was watering a eucalyptus shrub. Several women from the country, robed in white and carrying babies in their arms, were waiting in the courtyard for interviews. Inside the house, the staff wore European dress. The grey-green jumper and tweed skirt worn by Madame Haddad was identical with the outfit one of her secretaries was wearing, when we visited the offices upstairs.

Madame Haddad has no easy task, but she is working steadily forward with quiet enthusiasm at all her exacting, pioneer tasks.

Today a young Tunisian couple has the opportunity of meeting naturally and falling in love; thus they are able to choose their own life partners. The law says that the girl must be at least fifteen years old; the boy eighteen. The dowry, which was formerly paid by the young husband to the girl's father, is now paid to the bride herself, to do with as she pleases. A father cannot now force his daughter to marry where she does not love. Children will now be freed from the fears and insecurity brought about when their mother, perhaps, was rejected in favour of a new wife, or wives.

Although education for boys is necessarily taking precedence, education for girls is expanding quickly. Girls can train to become teachers. dressmakers, typists, nurses, or laboratory assistants, among other vocations. Numbers of women still work on the land, of course, or at handicrafts. I visited Kairouan, some miles to the east of Tunis, and saw women and girls working in a co-operative carpet factory. The premises are the same as have been used for generations. Access to them is down a dark and smelly alley, but inside strip-lighting has transformed the workrooms. The general impression is one of great happiness and contentment. Formerly girls from the age of eight were put to work here. There still are a large number of youngsters, but they seemed to be there because they wanted to be, and they sat beside their mothers on benches facing the looms, singing at their work, looking up at us shyly and laughing merrily among themselves.

The girls learn traditional patterns from their mothers, who pass

their knowledge and skill on by word of mouth, and by demonstration. One young woman was creating a design on a chart and teaching her juniors. The women work quickly and simply with short tufts of wool, using only their fingers. Here and there I saw a pair of modern scissors. Until recently they used simple, handmade knives. In a small cell-like room, fleeces were rolled up. These had first been washed at the seashore, or in some stream or river. One often saw small groups of barefooted women washing wool and conversing softly together.

The traditional, and perhaps the most beautiful patterns, are woven in natural-coloured wool, combined with a dark brown. But the demand today is for more colourful designs, and so the wool is first dipped in vegetable dyes, dried in the sun, and then rolled into huge balls.

There is a fine new museum in Kairouan, with crystal electric chandeliers and ornamented grilles that let in air. The museum contains nothing but examples of the work of the women. Lovely rugs and carpets, some of great historic interest, perhaps merely fragments now, are hung in juxtaposition to the bright modern ones.

Tunisia is a country of strange contrasts. One might see a solitary man ploughing a single furrow with his camel. On the other side of the new motor road, a bright red tractor might be chugging along, with a trained mechanic in charge. One can see smart young girl clerks in some chromium and glass office block, while a few miles away other women would be working, with their children at their side, planting young olive trees in mechanically prepared holes. It will take time, perhaps a very long time, before all of President Bourguiba's dreams come true.

The principle of equal pay for men and women has been established and the Public Health Authority makes sure that mothers are given sufficient time, both before and after the birth of their children, to recover and attend to their babies' needs.

In May 1957, women were called upon to vote in the municipal elections. Thus they plunged literally out of the harem into public life. The Tunisian constitution makes no distinction between men and women. Women are eligible as electors, and may themselves stand for election.

We can do nothing less than wish the women of Tunisia well, and identify ourselves with the President when he told them:

> Little by little, you will rise to a new Liberty. You will get used to your new habits as one gets used to fresh air, and little by little, you will become REAL PEOPLE.

FLORENCE E. PETTIT

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF MILAREPA *

THESE two magnificent volumes of Milarepa's Hundred Thousand Songs are a precious gift of the American people to the English-speaking world. It is particularly significant that an American Foundation should have financed these volumes and a Chinese scholar translated the precious songs into English. The American dollar has flowed in an unending stream into the undeveloped regions of the world to give its people a higher material standard of life. That it should now be utilized for their spiritual refreshment is indeed a matter for gratification and thanksgiving.

It is difficult to convey in words the beauty of these two volumes. Each volume contains about 350 pages, printed on excellent laid text paper; they are bound in cream and blue buckram and slip-cased in a beautifully designed container. They are a tribute to American book designing.

Milarepa, whose life-story and teachings are contained in these volumes, was one of the greatest poet-saints ever to appear in the history of Buddhism. He was born in Gung Thang village near Mount Kailas in A.D. 1052. His father died soon after his birth; and, according to Tibetan custom, his mother was to have married the young brother of her husband. But she refused to do so; and thereupon the uncle seized the family property and subjected Milarepa, his mother, and his sister to all sorts of humiliation and cruelty. When Milarepa attained to manhood, his mother persuaded him to take revenge upon his uncle; and he succeeded in obtaining a powerful spell by means of which he killed his uncle and other relatives and wrought great havoc on his native valley by destroying the harvest with hailstorms.

This was a turning point in Milarepa's life; and consumed with remorse for his sinful deeds, he determined to seek salvation by devoting the rest of his life to the practice of the *Dharma*. He left his mother and sister and joined Marpa of Lhobark, known as a great translator in Tibet and one of the greatest Sanskrit scholars in the country. Perceiving Milarepa's past sins and his potential capacities, Marpa put him on trial by imposing hard mental and physical penances, through all of which he came out successful. In recognition of his long years of service, devotion, and obedience, Marpa accepted him as a disciple and initiated him into the *Mahāmudrā Yoga*, whose central principles and practices may be summarized as follows:

(1) That all existence and manifestation can be found in one's experience, that this experience is within one's own mind, and that Mind is the source and creator of all things.

(2) That Mind is an infinitely vast, unfathomably deep complex of marvels, its immensity and depth being inaccessible to the uninitiated.

(3) That he who has come to a thorough realization and perfect mastership of his own Mind is a Buddha, and that those who have not done so are unenlightened sentient beings.

(4) Further, that first glimpses of the Innate Mind can be obtained through the practice of the *Mahāmudrā Yoga*.

* *The Hundred Thousand Songs of Milarepa*. Vols. I and II. Trs. and Annotated by GARMA C. C. CHANG. (University Books; Oriental Studies Foundation, New York. xviii+730 pp. 1962. Set $20.00)

This meditative practice involves absolute relaxation and effortlessness. Dominated by long-established habits and *saṁskāras,* the ordinary man is never able to achieve this state of relaxation, which consists of shutting out all sense-impressions impinging on the mind through the *pancha-dwāras* (five sense-doors) and all thought-formations through the Mind (*mano-dwāra*). When this state has been attained, the next step is the elimination of the consciousness of "I"-ness — a state of absolute freedom from the tensions arising from desire and willing.

(5) That the Buddha-Mind that is finally achieved through this process is not a negative condition, but a positive state of a great "Illuminating-Void Awareness."

(6) That infinite compassion (*Mahā-Karuṇā*) and infinite Wisdom (*Mahā-prajñā*) will come forth spontaneously when this Buddha-Mind is fully unfolded.

The above is an approximate summary of the teachings contained in these two volumes. Milarepa conveys these ideas through songs which have a profound and yet popular appeal. Like St. Francis of Assisi, Milarepa had a fine voice and he loved to sing and convey the most subtle thoughts through the medium of music and poetry. This is how, for example, he initiates a shepherd boy who came to him for instruction in the *Mahāmudrā Yoga*:

My dear son, best of laymen, listen to me carefully!
When your body is rightly posed, and your mind absorbed in deep meditation,
You may feel that thought and mind both disappear;
Yet this is but the surface experience of Dhyana.
By constant practice and mindfulness thereon,
One feels radiant Self-awareness shining like a brilliant lamp.
It is pure and bright as a flower,
It is like the feeling of staring
Into the vast and empty sky.
The Awareness of Voidness is limpid and transparent, yet vivid
This Non-thought, this radiant and transparent experience
Is but the feeling of Dhyana.
With this good foundation
One should further pray to the Three Precious Ones,
And penetrate to Reality by deep thinking and contemplation.
He thus can tie the Non-ego Wisdom
With the beneficial life-rope of deep Dhyana.
With the power of kindness and compassion,
And with the altruistic vow of the Bodhi-Heart,
He can see direct and clear, the truth of the Enlightened Path,
Of which nothing can be seen, yet all is clearly visioned.
He sees how wrong were the fears and hopes of his own mind.
Without arrival, he reaches the place of Buddha;
Without seeing, he visions the Dharma-kaya;
Without effort, he does all things naturally.
Dear son, the Virtue-Seeker, bear this instruction in your mind.

This review would be incomplete and do scant justice to the memory of the great Saint if it did not include a brief account of his passing from the body into Nirvāṇa. The events leading to his death and the manner in which he faced the dissolution of the body are reminiscent of the passing of that great martyr of intellectual liberty — Socrates. A Lama named Tsaphuwa, who was very rich and influential, was envious of the reverence and love in which Milarepa was held by the people; and he thought of getting rid of him by the offer of some poisoned curds as a food-offering through one of his concubines. The woman was promised in reward a

valuable turquoise, if she succeeded. Milarepa sensed the motive behind the gift. He also sensed that the wicked Tsaphuwa had no intention of keeping faith with the woman. He therefore said to her, "For the present, I will not accept the food thou offerest me. Bring it later on, and I will then accept it." Disappointed at the failure of his first attempt, the Lama held out further promises to the woman and persuaded her to offer poisoned curds as a food-offering a second time. Milarepa accepted the offer this time, and asked the woman whether she had procured the turquoise as her fee for doing the deed. Overcome with remorse and fear, the woman began to tremble and prostrating herself at his feet, begged him not to partake of the poisoned food, but to give it back to her. Milarepa answered, "First of all, I cannot on any account give it back to thee to drink; my compassion for thee is too great. My life hath run its course; my work is finished; the time hath come for me to go to another world. The time shall come, when both thou and he will deeply repent of what you have done. When that time cometh you will devote yourselves wholly to penance and devotion; but if unable to do so much, at least avoid committing such heinous sins. Left unassisted, you two would be cut off from happiness for countless ages and suffering will be your lot." So saying, he partook of the poisoned food; and awaited death with thoughts full of *maitri* (loving-kindness) not only for his friends and disciples but also for the perpetrators of the crime. Once again like St. Francis, he had a song on his lips as he passed into the beyond:

O my disciples, here assembled, hearken unto me.
Ye donors of alms, who here are seated,
May ye live long, and be ever prosperous;
May peace harmonious bless this land;
May it be ever free from maladies and war;
May there be rich harvests and increased yield of grain;
May every one delight in righteousness.
May every being in future time
Who hath the will to meditate,
In virtue of mine austerities,
Be free from all impediment and error.
May none of living creatures, none even of insects,
Be bound into *samsaric* life; nay not one of them;
But may I be empowered to serve them all.

B. V. NARAYANA REDDY

The Essentials of Zen Buddhism: An Anthology of the Writings of DAISETZ T. SUZUKI. Edited and with an Introduction by BERNARD PHILLIPS. (Rider and Company, London. xl+544 pp. 1963. 42*s*.)

The three missionary religions of the world, Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam, by their very desire to "evangelize," are naturally religions of growth and adaptation. Many readers interested in Dr. D. T. Suzuki as the leading exponent of Zen will rejoice in this valuable anthology, which gives not only the best possible from the doctor's better known books, but adds other enlightening matter less well known. The Editor of this Anthology, Professor Bernard Phillips, in his thoughtful essay introducing the book, says that "Zen tantalizes by its very inscrutability." This inscrutability is due not so much to Zen as to our inability to see that flash of illumination called *satori*. And rightly in the book itself it is pointed out that Experience is the only thing that really counts in this special branch of Buddhism.

In the first part of the Anthology, "The General Sense of Zen," the doctor deals with this point very fully. "The human tongue is not an adequate

organ for expressing the deepest truths of Zen . . . they are to be experienced in the inmost soul when they become for the first time intelligible." Why then a book of nearly five hundred pages? Because one could write a series of books leading up to Zen but not that which comes to a man in the flash of *satori*. This flash of enlightenment, not won by words or religious posturing, may come, perhaps *must* come quite unexpectedly. So in one story in the book, among many, a master slaps a monk bowing before a Buddha-Rupa. "Is it not a laudable thing to pay respect to Buddha?" asked the monk. "Yes," said the master, "but it is better to go without even a laudable thing."

Part 2 deals with Enlightenment and Ignorance. "Buddhist scholars are engrossed too much in the study of what they regard as the Buddha's teaching . . . while they neglect altogether the study of the Buddha's spiritual experience itself." "The Buddha was not the mere discoverer of the Twelvefold Chain of Causation, he took hold of the chain itself in his hands and broke it into pieces. . . ." "What is it when a man brings nothing with him?" asks a monk of the Master Jōshū. "Throw it away," was Jōshū's immediate response. "What shall he throw down when he is not burdened at all?" "If so, carry it along."

Part 3 is "The Enlightenment Experience." The "text" is: What is the essential point of Buddhism? (One is faintly reminded of the tricky questions put to Christ by the Pharisees — "to catch him.") "Unless you have it, you do not understand."

Part 4 deals with "The Practice and Discipline of Zen." One little story shall suffice to give you the flavour. ". . . when the master was found again sweeping the ground, Ryū, a minister of state, paid a visit to the temple and said . . . 'How is it that a great wise man like you has to sweep off the dust?' 'It comes from the outside,' replied Jōshū." Was there a touch of *satori* for you, reader? There was for this reviewer.

Part 5 of the Anthology is "The Life of Freedom in Zen." Is that but a Zen paradox after Practice and Discipline? There is an inner discipline as well as that imposed from without.

> Spontaneity is not everything, it must be "rooted" . . . indeed, the whole world, as far as I can see, is now groping for "roots" whereby to steady itself in the course of its spiritual development. And Zen seeks first of all to reach the roots of our being . . . to locate one's "original face," to discover where one stands.

There could be an approach to Zen from Christianity or from Islam, or any other religious faith; it could be a form of Esoteric Rationalism *in the approach*. Dr. Suzuki is a wise and gentle guide, profound, but never wearying. He embodies the poem he quotes:

> To those who only pray for the cherries to bloom,
> How I wish to show the spring
> That gleams from a patch of green
> In the midst of the snow-covered mountain village!

ERNEST V. HAYES

A Defence of Philosophy. By F. A. LEA. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, London. 128 pp. 1962. 16*s*.)

This small book would contend above all "that we have need of an objective criterion, by which to judge between rival moral codes." But if so, is its title apt? For might there not be a defence of philosophy — that is to say, of traditional, not simply of contemporary, linguistic, philosophy — even though it should fail to reveal an objective morality? Moreover, might not an objective morality be important even though not at all indispensable to the sustaining of fortitude under interrogation? (And

it is with the challenge of interrogation that the book begins and ends.) In fact, heroic defiance of interrogation might be displayed as much by the enemies of democracy as by its friends, and men might be capable of it not so much because they entertain an idea, however true, as because they are irresistibly possessed, even though by what is false. Perhaps, then, an objective moral order will include the absence of interrogators, rather than resistance by the interrogated. But be this as it may, why does the author insist that "in order to reach a rational criterion we have need of a plausible world-view"? He himself, as it happens, would "adopt the emergent evolutionary world-view, together with the criterion it yields," whereby he would remain as a rationalist "agnostic in theory and atheistic in practice," and so utterly opposed "to the pusillanimous progressivism of those who are atheistic merely in theory and agnostic in practice." Yet it is not merely that different men might reasonably adopt different world views; even if they all adopted the same world view, and even if they all derived therefrom the same scheme of morality, this might still not be an objective morality. For if an objective morality has indeed to derive from the world, it surely has to derive from the world as a fact, not just from a world-view. However, one may be dubious of the author's logic without being the less respectful of his wide reading in philosophy, of his evident devotion to philosophy, of his dominating seriousness about more than linguistic trivialities.

M. KAYE

Studies in Philosophy. By A. C. DAS. (Firma K. L. Mukhopadhyay, Calcutta. 228 pp. 1962. Rs. 12.00)

These papers reflect an acute and perceptive mind occupied with various problems in which philosophers have been interested directly or indirectly. The first one on the Advaita theory of ignorance touches on a very important topic, but I feel that the broad issue involved has been somewhat obscured by the restricted treatment it receives. This is not a problem peculiar to Indian philosophy alone, as a study of Kantian metaphysics and its aftermath would show.

The next paper criticizes the Vedantic conception of Brahman and Māyā and their relation. This is very ably done, though while reading it it occurred to me that the concept of *Adhyāsa* (apparent presentation) may perhaps become clearer if in this context we consider the relation of the ultimate particles of matter like electrons, protons, or neutrons and the objects of ordinary perception. In any case, as is well said, no philosophical error is adequately dealt with unless it is shown why it ever arose. If this principle had been applied to the present case, it is very likely that the author would have worked out a more positive approach.

As for the papers following a comparative approach, it seems that much of the confusion that arises regarding the difference between Eastern and Western philosophy is due to the fact that "ancient" Indian thought is compared with recent developments in Western philosophy. It is obvious that the philosophies of Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, or Berkeley could hardly be divorced from ethical and spiritual considerations. On the other hand there has been no later development in India parallel to recent Western thought. This seems to me the better answer to the statement that Eastern philosophy is practical, rather than the one offered by the author (pp. 61-62).

In spite of these remarks I must say that I am much impressed by the writer's critical acumen, particularly as evidence in papers I and VIII; his untroubled break with the general trend

of thought that finds in Advaita Vedanta the only true philosophy (*cf.* pp. 58-59); his broad, democratic outlook, as shown in the paper on "Social Disintegration"; and his wide reading and sound scholarship, particularly seen in "Science and Philosophy of Religion" and "Interpretations of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*." One does, however, occasionally wish that he had not cast his net too wide and had rather developed certain ideas more fully and constructively.

A. K. JIANDANI

Hinduism. By R. C. ZAEHNER. (Home University Library. Oxford University Press, London. 272 pp. 1962. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Radhakrishnan, than whom it would be difficult to find a more competent modern interpreter, has described Hinduism as a way of life characteristic of a whole people, an intangible though none the less real national ethos, rather than a "religion" in the Western sense of the word, as typified for example by Judaism. It is at the same time a highly organized social and religious system which is uniquely free (comparatively speaking) from dogmatic assertions regarding the nature of God, and which has always felt that the core of religion does not depend on whether there is one God or many, or even on the existence or non-existence of God.

To many, this "strange complex of beliefs" known as Hinduism appears to be like a proliferating jungle. Dr. Zaehner's distinction is that from the whole mass of confused and often contradictory material before him, he has tried to distil the fine essence which is the changeless ground from which this jungle grows. A worthy successor to Dr. Radhakrishnan in the Spalding Chair of Eastern Religion and Ethics at Oxford, he brings to his task a wealth of education combined with sympathy, discrimination, and insight. These find notable expression in his exposition of the master concept of Hinduism — *Dharma,* a term which eludes precise definition. No other word is more important or more omnipresent in the sacred texts; yet they utter the warning, time and again, that this *Dharma* is "subtle" and "very difficult to know." Dr. Zaehner says truly that

> it is the very ambivalence of this key concept that both gives to Hinduism its distinctive flavour and sets up within it a tension that is never wholly resolved.

He goes on to add:

> This flavour is embodied as nowhere else in the legendary figure of Yudhishthira, the gentle and compassionate "King of Righteousness" and in the historical figure of Mahatma Gandhi who declared that Truth was God.

These two form the theme of the concluding chapter, entitled "Yudhishthira Returns."

The central chapter which discusses *Dharma* in detail is preceded by sections dealing with the topics of Veda, Brahman, *Moksha,* and God, which fill up the body of *Dharma*; and a valuable Introduction. The effect of the impact of Western ideas on Hinduism in the recent past is dealt with in the penultimate chapter bearing the caption "Encounter," following on consideration of the significance of the Bhakti movement.

Dr. Zaehner feels that Hinduism is living through a time of crisis, and is bound to transform itself. He thinks that the crisis threatens the very presuppositions on which it has been built; yet adds: "This will not mean that the *Sanatana Dharma,* the eternal *Dharma* that is the especial property of the Indian people will disappear. . . ." If this is so, then it cannot be the "very presuppositions" that are threatened, so much as the transient forms. The

discarding of outworn forms, in order that the timeless essence may take on a wholly new embodiment, is the fundamental idea underlying Hinduism, which has been repeatedly exemplified in its long history. Undoubtedly that history will repeat itself!

K. GURU DUTT

Science and the Humanities. By S. L. BHATIA. With a Foreword by A. V. HILL. (Orient Longmans, Calcutta. 124 pp. 1962. Rs. 7.50)

This book contains ten addresses delivered by Major-General Dr. S. L. Bhatia on various important occasions; they have the common theme of the unity of the sciences and the humanities, as an essential factor in the future of civilization. "Science and International Good-will"; "Science and the Future of Civilization"; "Science and the Humanities"; "The True Philosophy of Action"; "Medicine and Ethics"; "Gautama Buddha — The Incomparable Physician"; "The Origin of Life," etc., are some of the significant titles of the lectures and addresses of General Bhatia. General Bhatia is a scientist interested in the promotion of world peace; he is a doctor who guards the ethics of his profession; he is a scholar well read in the humanities, a man of practical wisdom and vision, and a man of compassion, who loves world peace, having been through two world wars:

> We are living to-day in the Atomic Age, which is the direct outcome of the Scientific revolution. . . . This is a critical period in human history. . . . We do not know how to deal with this situation. . . . The new outlook seeks to produce a synthesis between Science and the ancient philosophical doctrines of humanism. We feel the need of a new culture, which would bring about an understanding between the different ideologies.

General Bhatia is not a pessimist; he feels that "ultimately the good sense of humanity will prevail and avert this terrible catastrophe." He says that in this critical situation two things are clear: "(1) There must be a very different Civilization or there will be no Civilization at all, and (2) that individually neither the old learning nor the new Science would suffice to save mankind." General Bhatia thinks that the mastery of the physical world is not enough, and will be futile, if there is no development of ethical values. Therefore, he advocates an education or a "re-education" of our species in the fundamental scientific as well as moral principles.

Although General Bhatia is well read in the Sciences, in medicine, in the humanities, and in the scriptures of the religions, his book is not a product merely of academic learning. It is a product of learning and vast practical experience, in science, human suffering, and the complexity of human affairs. Its high seriousness of purpose, intellectual balance, reasoned optimism, and compassionate outlook bring instruction and comfort to the reflective mind, reflecting on the troubles of an advancing civilization, encountering new challenges from Nature and the spirit of man.

N. A. NIKAM

Faith and Frivolity. By KRISHNA KRIPALANI. (Malancha, New Delhi. 218 pp. 1962. Rs. 6.00)

This is a sheaf of essays, written in the course of a quarter of a century, on matters literary, educational, social, and political. Shri Kripalani's faith in great ideals and great men is brought out in the first part titled "Personalities." Gandhi wanted cabbages; Tagore wanted roses; and we need both. How these seeming antinomies were drawn

together through a fruitful exchange of ideas is discussed in "Tagore and Gandhi." "Nehru and Gandhi" is, of course, a perennially fascinating subject. While writing of these leaders and of that solitary "one," Acharya Kripalani, the author is dispassionate and judicial, and clearly brings out the lights and shadows in their nature. Guarded admiration is the keynote of the articles on literary personalities like Romain Rolland, C. F. Andrews, Shah Latif, Radhakrishnan, and Madame Victoria Ocampo, the "Vijaya" to whom Tagore dedicated his book of poems, *Purabi.*

Shri Kripalani's philosophy of life demands a judicious admixture of faith *and* frivolity. But even when he is writing on "frivolities" and "trivialities," he is neither frivolous nor trivial. There is a razor-sharp intelligence behind the writing, a sharp twitch in his words that jerks the reader into attention. Have we really failed national leaders like Tagore and Gandhi? This is the question to which Shri Kripalani seeks an answer in several of these essays masked by wit and humour. More often than not his criticism is dangerously scathing, but not undeserved. Has not Gandhism become a mere "livery of power"? And we have come to believe in all earnestness that such political power deifies, and such absolute power deifies absolutely! The infection of insincerity and selfishness is so spreading through all the spheres of Indian life that even "culture" is caught in the slush: alas, "the very word culture has begun to stink." It is bad not to have an ideal; but it is worse to pretend to have an ideal and live contrary to its nature — oh, this "flirting with ideals" which is become the regular job of many a person masked as a political or cultural leader! Shri Kripalani feels that things have gone wrong with an ideal university centre like Shantiniketan and dubs it "Nitwit-niketan." From his *Faith and Frivolity* India herself emerges as the Nitwit-niketan! It is only when we know how deep-seated the malady is that we can start the beginnings of the cure.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Philosophy of Teaching. By E. J. ORTMAN. (Philosophical Library, New York. 398 pp. 1962. $4.75)

"The subject of this book is philosophy of *education,*" so runs the first sentence of the Preface; the title of the book is *Philosophy of Teaching*: and the actual Content of the book is an amalgam of philosophy, psychology, administration, organization, curriculum construction, and classroom practices. It is, therefore, not surprising that when the reviewer laid aside the book after a rapid reading to gain a general impression, he felt rather bewildered. What the book needs is reorganization of its chapters, after the apparent antagonisms between the basic concepts underlying them are removed. Let me give an example: At p. 5, the author is decidedly against a specific metaphysical approach to any problem in education. One should not subscribe to idealism, realism, pragmatism, or any "ism" if one is to be a real educator. Yet at p. 366 it is stated that metaphysics is the foundation for any structure of education that is worth while. And metaphysics cannot be separated from the philosophic school out of which it arises!

The review does not mean to suggest that these apparent contradictions are the outcome of thinking at the conscious level. But they are there, and the book will acquire added merit if they are removed.

Having said this much, the reviewer

must say that the main body of the book is concerned with many challenging problems in contemporary education. The personality of the learner, the process of development of this personality through learning, the problem of motivation in learning, the field in which learning takes place, democratization of this field and this process, and above all the goal or purpose to which all these lead — all are discussed from a new standpoint. Throughout the book we can discern an anxious endeavour to get at the philosophical foundations of education. Students of education can learn a great deal from what the book accomplishes, as well as from what it fails to accomplish.

P. S. NAIDU

The Problem of Education. By M. K. GANDHI. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 316 pp. 1962. Rs. 3.50)

This is a compilation of Gandhiji's writings and speeches on education. There is another volume, *True Education,* which is also a collection of his comments on education.

One is struck in this book by Gandhiji's great insight into the problems of Indian education. He was not a mere critic but also a constructive theorist. His theory of education was based upon experience. He was fully aware of the important role of education toward the unsatisfactory nature of Indian education and its inability to meet the demands of the situation.

Even after fourteen years of freedom, we have not been able to bring about the desired changes in our educational system. If Gandhiji were to come again and see the educational scene in India today, his criticism of the present system of education would be much the same as that expressed in this volume. It is, therefore, desirable that those who are charged with the responsibility of educational reconstruction in India, should study this and the previous companion volume from time to time, so that the touch with the realities of life and education is not lost.

One thing more. We need not be dogmatic and follow Gandhiji blindly. Owing to changes in time, place, and circumstances, his views on education must be adapted to the proper context. Any effort to convert his ideas into a cult is bound to be damaging and prove futile.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

The Quest for Eastern Christians: Travels and Rumor in the Age of Discovery. By FRANCIS M. ROGERS. (University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis. Agents in India, Oxford University Press. 221 pp. 1962. $4.75)

This book is based upon an assumption that one can only declare "not proven." The assumption is that the motives behind the European expeditions to the East in the age of discovery were not, as usually understood, inspired by the search for gold, the urge for expansion of trade, the call to spread the Christian religion, and just the plain sense of adventure which makes man want to be where he is not, but simply the desire to find and have fellowship with the already existing Christians in the Orient, especially in "India." (We must put India in inverted commas; for in the writings of the day, based on travellers' tales, there was a broad latitude in the understanding of the term. It might cover anything from Ethiopia to India and even beyond.)

The author is a professor of Romance languages and literatures at Harvard University and this gives the clue to

his approach. It is through the early European publications, particularly noticing the chapbooks ("cheap" books) brought out in the fifteenth century. He carefully collates travel books that have come down to us from those days. There is a good deal of the detective technique used in pointing out how this writer used the words of that writer a century before.

At this point in a book written by a professor — and an American professor at that — one looks for footnotes solidly banked at the bottom of the page. But they are not there! However, one does sometimes feel that the attempt of Mr. Rogers to write in a popular style has not quite come off, since he brings his footnotes into his main sentences, so to speak. Also in an endeavour to avoid the academic style Mr. Rogers has many a modern touch: his preface stems from the announcement of Pope John in 1959 of the calling of an Ecumenical Council.

One feels that he does not deal adequately with the Orthodox Christians of South India, his knowledge naturally being more of the Latin Christians.

His main theme, which he has the grace to call a dream, is, one suspects, the dream of Francis Rogers, not of mediaeval Europeans, but the results of his researches in this attractively produced book are well worth reading.

ARTHUR W. SAUNDERS

Josephine Butler: Flame of Fire. By E. MOBERLY BELL. (Constable and Company, Ltd., London. 268 pp. Illustrated. 1962. 30*s.*)

Josephine Butler was born in 1828, the seventh child of John Grey of Milfield, Northumberland, an influential landowner of liberal views. Her mother too was a woman of unusual ability, and this congenial home background sowed the seeds for Josephine's adult crusade against the evil system of state-regulated prostitution. She was fortified too by the long and harmonious partnership with her husband George Butler, a clergyman who became principal of Liverpool College and later a canon of Winchester. Their happy family life with their three sons was unmarred except by the death of the only daughter, killed by a tragic accident in early childhood.

The inspiration for Josephine Butler's work was her Christian compassion, allied to a burning sense of justice. It was primarily on the grounds of the injustice done to her sex that she campaigned so single-mindedly, and finally successfully, against the Contagious Diseases Acts, whereby the police were given powers to arrest and examine any woman suspected of being a prostitute. She believed passionately in an "equal moral standard" for men and women, and as a natural corollary to this, in the equal citizenship for men and women.

The repeal of the C.D. Acts in 1886 was achieved only after a formidable battle against the entrenched interests of the army, the all-male parliament and medical profession, the established church, and the brothel-keepers and their "aristocratic" clients. Josephine Butler was always touched by the enthusiasm for her cause among the working-men whose clubs she frequently addressed — how courageous an undertaking for this sensitive, beautiful and far from robust woman in the mid-Victorian age! She enlisted support from influential men too, like the former cabinet minister J. B. Stansfeld and the journalist W. T. Stead, whose sensational revelations in the *Pall Mall Gazette* galvanized public opinion.

Mrs. Butler founded the Ladies National Association for Abolition of the C.D. Acts in 1869, and in 1875 the International Federation for the Abolition of Government Regulation of

Prostitution was formed. Its battles are still not won. In his Preface to Miss Moberly Bell's admirable biography, the Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler, a former Home Secretary, and a nephew of Josephine, carries on the story:

> With the increase in prosperity and, alas, the spread of vice, the nature of the problem with which she grappled has changed. Methods now also have to be adapted to meet conditions as they are. But the fundamentals remain, that is the need to enhance and to establish firmly the proper status and dignity of women.

MARGARET TIMS

Radhakrishnan: An Anthology. Edited by A. N. MARLOW. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 148 pp. First published 1952. New Format 1962. 6*s*.)

This is a paperback reprint of the book first published in 1952. Therefore its selections, beginning from *The Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy* (1920), go only as far as *The Dhammapada* (1950). It would hardly have been possible to add from later writings, so as to bring the new edition up to date, without destroying the very careful balance. We could, however, wish that Dr. Marlow had rewritten the brief Preface in the light of Dr. Radhakrishnan's even greater subsequent eminence. It would have added point to the reference to the Platonic philosopher-king.

The anthology was originally prepared in order to provide a popular presentation of the work of this great contemporary philosopher. Its reappearance in this cheaper format will undoubtedly serve that end. Yet unless the reader of this kind of medium is prepared to read further it is not at all certain that the main end will be achieved. There is so much of Radhakrishnan's writing that must be read *in toto* to be adequately appreciated. In reading these extracts, well chosen as they are, one was constantly frustrated to be brought to a full stop just as interest was being quickened. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the book will not be treated as a "Radhakrishnan without tears" but rather as an introduction and guide to further reading. The selections from twelve major works and from *Hibbert* articles cover most of the philosopher's themes and illustrate the range and depth of his thought.

MARCUS WARD

DOSTOYEVSKY: *Notes from Underground, White Nights, The Dream of a Ridiculous Man,* and selections from *The House of the Dead.* Trs. with an Afterword by ANDREW R. MACANDREW. (A Signet Classic. The New American Library, New York. 239 pp. 1961. 60 cents)

Though our ignorance of the Russian language is a grave handicap, the great Russian masters of fiction have galumphed into our hearts. In certain respects Dostoyevsky is the monarch of all we survey of fiction. His fiction is not so much fiction as a human document; not even a human document so much as an experience. When we read other Western fiction, we are spectators; when we read Russian fiction we are converts. We are whirled round and round and sucked in as into a maelstrom of the heart. Russian masters are a Revelation and Dostoyevsky a Decalogue. *The Dream of a Ridiculous Man* is a vision and a prophecy; the ridiculous man is the regenerated man with the gospel of love. Bertrand Russell observed a few years ago that he was almost ashamed to mention the only panacea for the

ills of the world — the old and familiar love, Christian love and forgiveness arising out of suffering. Wherever there is sorrow, there is holy ground.

A remarkable quality of Dostoyevsky is a morbid and untiring love of probing into the dark depths of the human soul and an awe-inspiring capacity of serpentining himself into the shrieking forest of the heart of Man — bear-thoughted and panther-passioned. This is evident from *Notes from Underground*; there is a bitter and scathing attack on the devotees of "the good and the beautiful"; the third section is a prolonged dissection of a test-tube product and a child of nature. *In The House of the Dead* we are in a cruel and elemental world unspoilt by European claptrap. Demented with lust, man is and makes "a beast with four legs," whether it is Baklushkin or Akulka's husband. *White Nights* is a passionate and perfumed lyric of love and sacrifice.

Every character bleeds if you prick it — Matryona or Apollon; the heroes and anti-heroes pass before us wildly gesticulating, passionately arguing, morbidly analysing themselves. "And I ended up by praising myself — the way we always end when we begin analysing ourselves" — comments Dostoyevsky. The treatment of the little girl by the ridiculous man or of Liza by the Mouse is revolting, but the analysis of that revolting behaviour is anything but revolting. Man is an ungrateful biped and civilization has made us, if not more bloodthirsty, at least more viciously bloodthirsty. Like Cleopatra we still stick pins into the breasts of our slaves. The corruption of the dream world by the ridiculous man is bitter and biting. Dostoyevsky's picture of these tormented people who torture others out of love is awe-inspiring. It is said that in Dostoyevsky and Shakespeare moral molluscs sin their way to sanctity; this implies in the authors either amorality or divine compassion. Was Dostoyevsky merely nasty or Christian? Turgenev called him the nastiest Christian he ever met. No dostoyevschina is attempted here.

K. VISWANATHAM

A Study of Savitri. By PREMA NANDAKUMAR. (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 568 pp. 1962. Rs. 20.00)

Shri-Aurobindo has the "fascination of what is difficult" for Western readers and *Savitri*, his great epic, is his most enigmatic work. It has also been dismissed as the dullest poem in the English language.

It is a significant sign of the times that research in English literature in this country has begun to concern itself with real and relevant problems of this kind. Dr. Prema Nandakumar's thesis, *A Study of Savitri*, is an attempt at unravelling the mystery and significance of Shri-Aurobindo's great epic.

There is abundant evidence of competent scholarship and critical insight in this work. The author gives a brief account of Shri-Aurobindo's life and work. Then follows a clear and interesting exposition of the theme of the epic and its substance. Shri-Aurobindo's theory of poetry is also discussed. In the last chapter, which is the most interesting in the book, the author argues with great clearness and insight the case for *Savitri* as a cosmic epic. She shows why *Savitri* should be regarded as a veritable landmark in the evolution of the literary form of the epic.

Shri Purani and Shri Sethna have written revealingly about *Savitri*. Prema Nandakumar consolidates their findings and adds to them in several ways. For one thing, she proves that *Savitri* gains the more, the more it is subjected to the rigorous scrutiny of academic criticism. She writes about *Savitri* with an insight, enthusiasm, and

industry that are praiseworthy.

This is an admirable introduction to the greatness and significance of this epic. Now that the general problems regarding it have been covered comprehensively in this study, the way is open for studies in special perspectives of the many "mansions" in this house beautiful.

V. K. GOKAK

Himalayan Pilgrimage: A Study of Tibetan Religion by a Traveller through Western Nepal. By DAVID SNELLGROVE. (Bruno Cassirer, Oxford. xvi+304 pp. 1961. 36*s.*)

This well-written and pleasantly illustrated book tells the story of the author's seven months' journey through the remote Tibetan regions of Western Nepal. As he writes in the Preface, "Nepal is a country of such wonderful variety that even the Nepalese themselves have not yet had time to explore the richness of their own heritage" (p. xi). Accompanied by his faithful Sherpa, Passang, and cook, Takki Babu, and such porterage as he could muster *en route,* Dr. Snellgrove explored — on foot — areas where few Europeans or none had penetrated before him, crossing in order to do so some fifteen major passes at heights between 17,000 and 20,000 feet.

His main intention was to learn something of the different regions and peoples and to study in particular the types of Tibetan religion practised in those remote lands. How far this intention was fulfilled only the author can say, but there is no doubt that the reader who, in imagination, accompanies him on his travels learns much. A fastidious but sympathetic observer, Dr. Snellgrove describes *flora* and *fauna,* ethnic types, architecture, religious and secular life (less sharply distinguished here than in the West today), and rugged mountain scenery, with equal gusto and the same minute fidelity. Some of his word-pictures are of an austere and delicate beauty.

Those who, like the reviewer, are admirers of *Himalayan Buddhism,* his previous book, will be particularly interested in his account of religious life in the areas he visited. Though the Land of Dolpo, of which he may claim to be almost the discoverer, is an exception, Buddhism seems to have declined since the Gurkha conquest. There were frequently more temples than monks, and only too often splendid images stood covered with dust. But this was by no means the whole story. Throughout Western Nepal the author heard about, and repeatedly saw evidence of, the activities of the Lama of Shang, a saintly Tibetan monk whose work for Buddhism in these regions deserves to be more widely known and whom he eventually met. Despite the inroads, here and there, of modern materialism, Dr. Snellgrove is therefore not without hope for the future.

BHIKSHU SANGHARAKSHITA

Imji Getsul: An English Buddhist in a Tibetan Monastery. By LOBZANG JIVAKA. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. xiv+201 pp. 1962. 28*s.*)

It is a matter for regret that the author of this book should have passed away while the book was under review. He was a man of considerable vigour, discretion and humour; and this book is one of the most readable on this subject. Lobzang Jivaka throws, in this rather autobiographical account, fresh and intimate light on the practices of Tibetan Buddhism. It is a valuable attempt to lift the heavy veil that persistently hangs over the esoteric faith

in that mysterious country.

The author was an English student of medicine who left Oxford in search of "truth" and came to India. He embraced Buddhism of the Hinayana persuasion, but became a Mahayanist during the recent visit of the Dalai Lama to Banaras. He was inducted into the religion of the Lamas and became perhaps the first *"imji getsul"* (English initiate). He lived the hard life of a monastic trainee in the Rizong gompa, which he describes as "a happy and well-disciplined monastery" in the Tibetan territory. His visit to Hemis Shuba and his experiences with the "rain-making lamas" form interesting episodes in the account of his stay in Tibet.

His stay there was not long enough for him to become a complete lama, but it did provide him the stirring inner experiences which he tries to convey in the book under review and he succeeds remarkably. He is at once entertaining and informative. The narrative style is racy and spicy, and the reader, whether a scholar or not, is amply rewarded.

Even a casual reader, however, would not fail to notice that the author's outlook is coloured by a strong bias against what he has termed Hinayana Buddhism. His constant condemnation of the Hinayana beliefs and practices, even if justified, is most unwelcome in a book of this nature (e.g., on p. 75). Fresh converts are known by their enormous zeal, but when it assumes the form of hate, it is hardly a merit. Besides this, the author is generally ill-disposed towards Oriental customs. His reference to the principle of one-meal-a-day (pp. 49-50), his description of the *puja* which, according to him, was "dull and colourless" (p. 164), the narration of an uncomplimentary event (p. 98) are some of the numerous illustrations. His dismissal of learning *mantras* as "acquiring by heart meaningless words in a foreign language" which was "a considerable mental tax" (p. 55) reveals the immature aspirant.

The book impresses one as an account more of an uncommon adventure than of a spiritual search. And the author is so fully saturated with the idea of the cultural superiority of the West that he is frequently found pitying the life of the folk whose religion he so enthusiastically embraced. Perhaps the author was not aware that lack of humility is a serious obstacle on the way to spiritual success. Nowhere does the book give any indication that he became acquainted with the subtle, principles behind the coarse practices which he observed, participated in, and described. One is tempted to return to him the uncomplimentary remark he makes with reference to Hinayana, that it "keeps the letter of the law and ignores the spirit" (p. 75).

S. K. RAMACHANDRA RAO

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** relates a conversation with Gabriel Marcel.—ED.]

SOME PEOPLE think Gabriel Marcel has nothing further to say. He has written for forty years, it is true, and his ideas have matured, but he is fully aware of the problems and would have religious, Catholic, solutions for them.

During recent weeks we have met many times and I have been more interested in his plays, now so seldom performed, than in much of his philosophical work though I do find his ideas on Liberty and Equality of great importance.

We talked a good deal about his

plays, *La Chapelle ardente,* in particular. As he is the chief reviewer of drama for *Les Nouvelles Littéraires,* I am familiar with his criticism, which I find intelligent and, like that of most critics, one-sided. A wholly objective critic does not breathe, but a really fine critic allows himself to consider the other person and admire his talent even if his philosophy is to him anathema. And here I found Marcel wholly condemning Jean Genet. All this is understandable since Gabriel Marcel is a man of faith and Jean Genet finds faith a futile exercise; talking about cheating, lying, and feeling proud of himself is Genet's way. So, why not let the poor fellow gloat over his sins, which he revels in and admits rather than stifle in the smug complacency of saintly utterances which do not ring true? Actually, Genet is Jean-Paul Sartre's hero, for in him Sartre, the philosopher and social thinker, sees all the despondencies of the age where vice parades as virtue, and honest vice is to be preferred to prattling morality.

To this Gabriel Marcel said: "To be sure, we are perfectly aware that to a certain type of philosophic man of letters today those whom we call criminals often appear extremely attractive: from Genet's point of view the middle class hero practising the dreary virtues of his retrograde social group is a much less brilliant character than a thief and a pervert who has the courage to put into action those desires which for the plodding bourgeois never get beyond the stage of unadmitted daydreams." He added that he was thinking of writing a play in which a young married woman, all keyed up, confronting her husband, who is to play host to a man like Jean Genet, says: "Tell me, Jean: can you swear to me that in the presence of Jacques who has just come out of prison you have no feeling of superiority?" Jean remains silent and his wife repeats the question: "Answer me, Jean, our whole future relationship depends on that!" And then she adds that Jean should feel ashamed of the white flower of a legally blameless life. . . .

The theatre haunted him from his earliest days, Marcel told me, and attracted him less as a spectacle than as a privileged form of expression. Naturally his predilection for dialogue was not clear to him at first, but he was less fond of stories or descriptions than of that form of art which conceals itself, as it were, behind the subjects whom it confronts. Gabriel Marcel experienced very early a kind of intoxication, not only in conceiving characters distinct from himself but in identifying himself with them sufficiently to become their mouthpiece. He said he did not know how he came to have this bent and believes it was due to his father's innate sense of the theatre and his incomparable way of reading plays. And then, he went on, the imaginary characters with whom he thus conversed replaced for him the brothers and sisters whom he so cruelly missed in life.

Another reason which Marcel gives for the development of his dramatic faculties is the variety of temperament in his family circle. Music offered him an irrefutable example of the kind of suprarational unity which he believed it was drama's essential function to promote. The dramatic mode of thought confirmed all he had to write later in the purely philosophical plane concerning knowledge in the capacity to transcend objectivity. He felt that those of his plays which now seemed to him the richest in spiritual content were those which showed the least trace of philosophical premeditation.

We talked about the modern stage and current productions, and except for the recent plays of Friederich Durrenmatt, *Frank V* and *The Physicists* (a remarkable play) there was only Ionesco's remarkable play *Le Roi c'est Mort.* To me this play of Ionesco is, apart from some padding here and

there, the finest of the season. Marcel did not seem to think so; for he said Ionesco had nothing real to say, but in fact Ionesco has a great deal to say in this play — he talks about Death and how to face it, and he creates a mediaeval play, full of anachronisms, to prove it.

We could not help discussing the new vogue in the theatre, that of dramatizing novels or essays or letters. In recent days we have had dramatic versions of Shaw's letter to Ellen Terry, Diderot's dialogue, Gogol's *Diary of a Madman,* and, of course, many of Dostoievsky's novels, *The Possessed* and *Crime and Punishment* among them.

There were other problems we discussed: abstractions, personal relationships; pessimism; Tagore, whose *Home and the World* Marcel loves; and the long and passionate discussion he had with Teilhard de Chardin. I expressed the hope, as I left him, that his play *La Chapelle ardente* would be played in India, and the pleasure it would give me to bring it to the attention of literary associations.

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The British medical journal *Lancet* has made no bones about the matter. A leading article (quoted in *The Guardian,* 11 April 1963) reports to the effect "that our large intake of livestock products is not essential to meet physiological needs or maintain full health." Just before the war, the average British consumption was 136 gms. a head per day. By 1948 this had fallen by 32 per cent, but with no apparent deterioration of health. The average consumption for Europe, North America, and the wealthier Latin-American countries is 90 gms. a head per day (about half of this being animal protein), while the less affluent countries consume only about five-eighths of this. Now, cereal cultivation producing a given quantity of calories requires only one-fifth of the land needed to produce the same quantity of calories by means of livestock production. So the question inevitably arises whether a high protein diet is simply a status symbol or is a real physiological need. In children protein deficiency does hinder and harm growth, but adults, even on 40-50 gms. a day, do not seem to suffer any obvious effects. According to experiments, the movable reserve, so to say, of protein in the body, does not increase the capacity for hard physical work, or the resistance to infection, or the capacity to stand up to injuries.

The *Lancet*'s conclusion is that the present high protein intake in the wealtheir nations "must at best be regarded as a luxury." If it were shared with the poorer nations, it would mean, not only an increase in good will, but also, most probably, a betterment of health in the wealthier countries. To what extent animal protein — and especially dead animal flesh — is essential to health is a further and important question. But it is something to have medical authorities themselves recogniz-

ing, first, the fallacy of ideas of health based on snob-appeal rather than facts; and, secondly, the efficiency of altruism (if it be true sharing). Since the world is one, in benefiting others one benefits oneself.

Colin McInnes, in his last contribution to "Out of the Way" in *New Society* (London, 25 April 1963) writes of the way in which the withdrawal of the limelight from public personages deflates their "greatness," if they have derived their power "from their situation in time and place, not from a fire within themselves." Rather like a "Before" and "After" display in reverse, McInnes points out the "terrifying demeanour" of the Russian Marshal Malinowsky in an intimidating pose with Khrushchev at an unpleasant press conference during his time of power, and compares it with a photograph of the demoted Marshal sitting like a sulky fat child in an Indonesian canoe. Rosenberg, although his publicity cult of the Nazi mystique brought him into power over the peoples of Eastern Europe, showed himself at the time of his post-war arrest to be "vain and idiotic" and absorbed in personal trivialities. Earlier prime ministers of Britain, Baldwin and Macdonald, did not, McInnes considers, stand the test of greatness when out of office.

McInnes then relates an almost impromptu visit to Picasso's studio, a visit which coincided with that of a well-known art collector and also of a Latin-American artists' delegation, to ask Picasso to be patron of an exhibition. The gathering described took on the air of a royal levee, mingled with the somewhat awesome atmosphere of a secret society. But it was the "mysterious perilous quality" of genius in the central figure, he felt, that created it, not the circumstances; for genius has "a prodigious feeling for life and the secret of enhancing it." It is a self-revealing power, not a dominating one.

One may or may not agree with the writer's assessment of Picasso, but there can only be unanimity with his final words:

> I would like to try to leave this thought: that what may matter is to be the best of yourself, not to try to tell other selves what they should be or do. Everything (not much) that I've learned in my life has been from those who haven't tried to teach me: their presence was the lesson.

HAPPINESS

It lies like an odd coin
under linings, held between
thumb and finger—a secret pleasure.
Something that'll keep; worth little
to others.
It 's found not too often
and forgotten soon after.

TILOTTAMA DASWANI